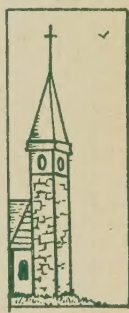
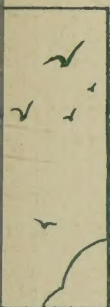


Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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Clear Horizons

VOL. 2, NO. 3

JANUARY, 1942

In this number of CLEAR HORIZONS we are taking up especially THE DEEPENING OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. Beginning with the idea of playing the game with minutes, as Frank Laubach presents it, the editors were amazed at the way so many articles fell into their hands which approached the question of living the Christ life along the same manner. Kelly, Moseley, Herman, and a host of others came trooping along until the magazine took its final form, just as all the preceding issues have done. If we did not feel so certain that we are being guided in the assembling of the material we would not be so happy in seeing the steady increase in circulation. Not only do we accept with gratitude your help in winning new readers, but whenever you feel inspired to do so, send us suggestions of articles and books which you have found stimulating.

In addition to articles on Deepening the Spiritual Life, you will find in this issue articles on the World Situation, poems on Immortality, and a new department on Answered Prayer which we call WHY DO MORTALS WONDER? This is especially for our readers' contributions.

CLEAR HORIZONS is being put on the news stands of a few of our cities. If the demand is felt, we will gradually see that it is on more until the nation is covered with this, an adventure in solving problems in a heavenly way.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*

HELEN WENTWORTH, *Managing Editor*

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JANUARY, 1942

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Second Year

Volume 2, No. 3

☐ A masterpiece that deserves a place in the lineage of *The Prodigal Son*, *The Last Class* and *The Christmas Carol*.

The Chalice

Laura Spencer Portor

THIS IS not a story really, simply a record. I should like to say a record of souls but that sounds sentimental and dramatic.

It begins with Daphne, nine; Geoffrey, seven; and Warwick, six.

They live with us now. "Daphne" always suggests to me daffodils; only a daffodil would never have come all the way from England, "for the duration."

Richard and I have no children of our own.

I come in out of the rain and latch the door as against the possible loss of treasure. Anna stands at the top of the stairs. Anna is Edo's wife. Edo drives for us. They are Finnish.

I say, "Are they asleep?"

Anna nods and says softly, "Asleep, God be praised! So may they sleep!"

Who but Anna would say that? It sounds like one of the beautiful canticles of the Russian church. Nevertheless I think, "Think of their being asleep on *this* night!" and I remember the letter, and the wash of night water against a ship moving out to sea steadily.

I never saw a mother whose children seemed less her own in a crude possessive sense. She said to me one day, "You see, I think they belong to everybody! And hard as it is to leave them, I think it is a privilege to leave them with you."

She spoke of it again just before she bade them good-bye:

"Such a wonderful thing for

you, my darling ducks!" Then she bent to them, "and don't forget that you hold all England in your hearts. Everyone will judge England by you! What a lovely thing! You may make some mistakes but they won't be serious ones. And England will be proud of you! Proud to see you honest and just and fine and loving. Good-bye, my darling chicks!"

It was so she left them, not at all as bereft children in a distant foreign land, but proudly as ambassadors, rather, of England!

Daphne rushed to her and pulled her down for a last kiss.

"You won't, won't, *won't* forget the doll's petticoat?"

"No, my pet, I won't. You and I won't forget anything," she kissed them all around once more, "not anything! Will we?"

The dock had the old familiar spicy strangeness but was nearly empty of the usual great stacks of bales and barrels. No hubbub or hurry. Only the ship's officers looking sharply. Only a handful of passengers and they looking serious and as though they were thinking, "It is raining! The sea will be dark. And who knows?"

Who knows, indeed! I think of Anna and the church's canticles: "Vouchsafe us, O Lord, Thy starry care. Give Thy angels of wide wings, care in the paths our feet must tread. O Beneficent One!

Remember our dolor—" something like that.

All the while I think of the letter. The children's mother gave it to me as we drove down to the dock.

"Of course one never knows in times like these," she said. "If anything did happen I should not expect the boys, such little chaps, to remember their father and me very clearly. But Daphne is different. Daphne is like a chalice that holds something precious—something that is England."

She allowed herself that. Considering her reserve it was much.

"So I have written the letter to Daphne. If it were necessary—if anything happened, the children would go back to their father's sister, their Aunt Harriet—in Derbyshire. Before you give the letter to Daphne—if it happened!—I don't think it will!—will you read it yourself? That would help."

I longed for another canticle. "Remember us in our dolor, O One of Pity! As the stars from out the cloud, shine upon those who love one another with tenderness."

As she went up the gangplank, she turned just a moment to look back at me and raised her hand; a lovely gesture. And then, because the heart often seeks swift refuge in little things, I thought

of the doll's petticoat! And Daphne expecting it!

The days go by. The boys are true boys and tremendously British. They have a holy hatred of Hitler. But Daphne instructs them:

"It isn't civil. It isn't civilized to hate. It isn't really British!"

"Yes it is too!"

But Daphne still has a mind to set Geoffrey right as to hate.

"When you feel that you're hating anyone, that's just the time to be good—to do something that is good, to think of something that is noble. For the more hate there is in the world, the more the world needs goodness. It's like buckets in a well. When one goes down, the other has to come up."

We have had a cable from the children's mother. Nothing about her arrival; just, characteristically, "Thank you so much for everything."

A few weeks later Anna comes and stands beside me, one fine hand holding the other.

"You have heard nothing more, Madam?"

"No; nothing more, Anna."

"I think so much about her!" Anna looks away, perhaps to Finland, perhaps to England. "When Edo and I lost our only little one we thought there could not be deeper sorrow. But it is more

sorrowful for any child to lose such a mother."

Again I want a canticle: "Vouchsafe, O Most Mighty." Instead I say, "I think it will not happen."

"I am hoping," says Anna, "that the little petticoat will come."

"Oh, it will come!" I say. "The children's mother would not forget!" I think again of the letter and I say to myself, "Nor would Daphne."

No news comes. It is long waiting but worry will not help. The children are quite happy.

The news came today which changes everything. I read the cable, dazed. It is from their Aunt Harriet. Both father and mother are gone!

I send for Edo and Anna and tell them. Anna's face becomes white. Edo steadies himself with his hand against the table. They are both struck to the heart.

When I tell Daphne, she takes it—well, as Daphne would; her eyes wide and frightened at first, like a fawn at night in the woods with a sudden light played on it. She clings to me but only for a little while, controlling her sobs, then she brushes the hair from her eyes and from the shelter of my arms looks out at the fire.

We go slowly, gently and slowly past the dark places. I sit read-

ing to her that night, and there is a knock. Anna enters, followed by Edo. They have come to bring gifts. Anna has knitted a wonderful little white ski suit for Daphne's doll. Edo has made a still more wonderful pair of ski boots and skis for the doll. Daphne falls to sleep holding them in her hand.

Anna is waiting afterward in my room to explain. "In our country we take gifts to those newly destined for sorrow. We do more. We kiss their hands and say, 'O angels of light, cease not to guard this spirit.'"

After Anna is gone I open the letter and read it, as Daphne's mother asked me to.

"My darling Daphne,

"This letter is for you to keep always, to remind you of what you and Daddy and I talked of so often in this past year—that there is no room in a truly English heart for hatred; to remind you that it is not civil, that it is not civilized to hate—that it is not truly English. It is to remind you that if ever you feel like hating

anyone that is just the time to be good and noble—and kind and fair, for the more hate there is in the world the more need there is of goodness.

"I know that you will recall all these things that we talked about and shared together—in such beautiful hours—and that for all our sakes' and England's you will remember them always.

"The boys will learn all this in time, when they are older. They are still so little!

"Bless all of you, my darlings.
Devotedly,
Mummy."

The next day I gave Daphne the letter. She carried it away to read it. She seems to me so safe, so guarded, so destined for loveliness.

Two days later a little package came in the mail addressed to Daphne, marked "Opened by the censor" and resealed. Anna brings it, her face lighted.

"I think," she says, "it is the doll's petticoat! And isn't it lovely, and isn't it just like God that it should come now!"

Our Father,

Make us, through Christ, citizens of eternity in the shadow of time. Make us to know that we live in Thee, to whom death is but a cloud-shadow wandering across our human valley, and that our own will return to us glorified by Thy grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Joseph Fort Newton.

Love is greater than we know

And Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions.

—Fiona Macleod.

□ A terrifying crisis which demanded an "all-out" testing of the power of prayer.

As If a Bell Rang in My Heart

Roland Hayes

FULFILLING one of my scheduled concerts in Berlin in 1924 was a terrifying experience. The French were occupying the Rhine and were policing it with the Negro troops from their African possessions, and German indignation was running high. Until a few days before the concert was to be given, I remained in Prague. The American consul there received several indignant letters protesting against my singing in Berlin, asking if an American Negro was to insult the spirit of Goethe, Schiller and other great writers of Germany, by singing plantation songs from the cotton fields of America in Beethoven Hall?

I was worried about the storm of protest. The American consul in Prague advised me not to go to Berlin. However, I went, slipped into the city incognito; stayed in my hotel room so that I would not be seen; walked at night for exercise in the Tiergarten. And on the night of my concert I took a closed taxicab with my Negro accompanist to the Hall.

The hall was packed with people, with hundreds standing. At eight o'clock I walked on the stage with my accompanist. The stage was white with light, but the deep hall looked like a black cave. As I moved across that stage for my first appearance a barrage of hisses, full of hatred, greeted me. It was as if every indignant German in that great hall were hurling threats in my direction. I felt those hisses as if they were arrows aimed at my breast.

I had never had that experience before. But I remembered my mission. I did then what I have always done at the beginning of a concert. It is my habit when I step onto any stage to recall to myself that I am merely an instrument through which my mission is being fulfilled. I stood there with hands clasped before me, praying; praying that Roland Hayes might be entirely blotted out of the picture; that the people sitting there might feel only the spirit of God flowing through melody and rhythm; that racial and national prejudices might be forgotten.

From *The Human Side of Greatness*, by William Stidger, Harper and Brothers, \$2.00.

Usually when I do that sincerely, the audience instinctively feels what is happening as I commune with my Father.

But that was the hardest audience I ever faced. However, as I stood there, I had no doubts. I stepped to the curve of the piano and stood with my head up and my eyes closed, letting the Spirit do its work and waiting for that hissing to die down. Two minutes, three, four, five, on into an interminable ten minutes, those hisses continued. I waited for silence. Would it never come? Ten minutes passed, and the hissing and stamping of feet stopped abruptly.

I spoke to my accompanist without turning my head from the audience and asked him to take from his music case Schubert's "Thou

Art My Peace." It begins softly, in almost a whisper. As the clear notes of that song floated out over that crowd a silence fell on them.

I went on with my concert. I even sang two French numbers, because I originally had them in my program. At the end of that concert the crowd began to applaud, stamping their feet, yelling their bravos. Finally, surging up on the platform, they took me on their shoulders and carried me around Beethoven Hall twice.

It was not a personal victory. It was the victory of a Force which sang through me and won that audience. It was my mission at work. I had nothing to do with it. I was allowing myself to be used by a Power which is greater than I am, and it subdued the hatred of that audience.

BISHOP SCROPE'S PRAYER

O God our Leader and our Master and our Friend, forgive our imperfections and our little motives, take us and make us one with Thy great purpose, use us and do not reject us, make us all here servants of Thy Kingdom, weave our lives into Thy struggle to conquer and to bring peace and union to the world.

We are small and feeble creatures, we are feeble in speech, feebler still in action, nevertheless let Thy light shine upon us and there is not one of us who cannot be lit by Thy fire, and who cannot lose himself in Thy salvation. Take us into Thy purpose, O God. Let Thy kingdom come into our hearts and into this world.

—From *H. G. Wells's Soul of a Bishop*.

Help me, O God! My boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide.

—*Prayer of the Breton Mariners.*

C The secret behind the founding of one of the greatest missionary projects in modern times.

What Christ Means to Me

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell

AT HOME we always had morning prayers—a custom which was tolerated rather than enjoyed. In the summer my parents generally went abroad to Switzerland or elsewhere, and then there were no morning prayers, and the day seemed freer and longer, and the sense of restraint was removed. I should add that so also was the similar beneficial discipline of teeth-brushing.

I was not troubled by intellectual doubts. I do remember, however, being a bit surprised when my delicate little brother died, that I was not more sorry, surprised at my confidence in what everyone said, namely, that he had gone to a happier home somewhere else, where he would not suffer any more.

The explanation was that we never doubted anything that our mother told us. Her faith all through her long life was a positive, calm assurance grounded firmly on the inner authority of her own spiritual experiences. What was infinitely more important to our faith was that we boys never once knew her deeds to belie

her words; we never knew her to act in anger, or unjustly. There is no denying the fact that a boy or a man accepts unquestioningly from a person whom he loves that which, if he doubts the teacher in any way, his mind will challenge instantly. To the mind of every boy, the mother he loves possesses naturally sources of wisdom which are not open to him. He does not query or analyze the fact. With our mother we somehow knew that she had a knowledge of truth which we did not have, and unquestionably she had. It was the inner light that Christ says comes from following in His footsteps.

Among my treasures lies a book of my mother's which I value more than her Bible. It is her account book summary ledger. Only in looking over her books after she had left us did I discover this wonderful record of her faithful stewardship through the passing years during which we had taken everything for granted, and unthinkingly accepted all that we wanted. Here was the record of day after day, year after year, of

From *What Christ Means to Me*, Wilfred T. Grenfell. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press.

endless patient work, monotonous and uninteresting, and all done for us. As I looked at these pages a new light seemed to open up to me, showing a great deal more of what Christ had meant to me in my normal boyhood than I had ever been conscious of. He meant a mother who brought Him right into our family life just by doing daily what He would do in her place, and unquestionably into our personal lives too, even if we were not able to recognize and proclaim the fact vocally in those days even to ourselves. Religion to deserve the term should bear the stamp of normality.

Charles Kingsley, a kinsman of ours, was at one time a visitor in our home. There was nothing "sissy" about him. He was a born fighter, a fine naturalist, and loved everything in nature. He was a good sportsman, and his book "Westward Ho" and others featured red-blooded men. He was the first parson to give me an idea that religion made men efficient, or rather did not make men inefficient. He allowed people to think and to do differently, and yet be Christians. Kingsley was not interested so much in doctrine. To him a Christian was a man who cleaned out the filth in his own back yard himself and not the man who asked God to keep typhoid away from his house while he

himself did nothing.

In my student years, in the hospital, I was going down a dark street in Shadwell on my way from a maternity case. I passed a great tent, something like a circus. A crowd had gathered and I looked in to see what was going on. An aged man was praying on the platform before an immense audience. The length of the prayer bored me, and I started to leave as he droned on. At that moment a vivacious person near him jumped up and shouted: "Let us sing a hymn while our brother finishes his prayer." Some one said the interrupter was the speaker of the evening, so I stayed to hear him. He left a new idea in my mind, an idea that loyalty to a living Leader was religion, and that knightly service in the humblest life was the expression of it. His illustrations were all from our own immediate environment, much as Christ's were, and the whole thing was so simple and human it touched everyone's heart. Religion, as the speaker put it, was chivalry, not an insurance ticket. Life was a field of honor calling for courage to face it, not a tragedy to escape from. Christ's call was to follow Him, not to recognize, much less to comprehend, Him. What Christ asked us for was reasonable service, or the service of our reason—but real

hard service either way. His religion was a challenge, not a sop or dope.

The preacher was an ordinary-looking layman, and I listened all the more keenly because I felt he had no professional axe to grind. It was D. L. Moody.

I started reading my Bible with new interest and from a new viewpoint. I was searching for some guide to life in it, exactly as I sought in my medical textbooks a guide to physical treatment. I seemed to have suddenly waked up and to be viewing from outside the life which before I just took for granted. The idea of a living Leader, a Sir Launcelot, a Bayard, whose spirit all worth-while people such as Newton, Gordon, Livingstone, Lincoln, embodied, who could and did transform all who accepted Him, and who in every rank of life everywhere literally would walk with ordinary folk and enable them "to play the game" and "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," fascinated me. It tallied also with all my knowledge of history and my personal experiences, but it seemed too big an idea to accept. Gradually I learned that real religion involves real courage. The inefficiency which I had associated with it had not been its fault, but ours. We had not dreamt of taking Christ in earnest.

I confess some of my difficulties during these weeks were the people who only *talked* about religion. A religious "sissy" was anathema to me. It was the antithesis of my idea of the Christ. On the contrary, a quotation from the paragon of fearlessness, Paul, was a constant help to me, for the need of a power beyond my own, to win out, was always before me. Paul's life was as full of thrills as Herod Agrippa's; Livingstone's and Lincoln's as Jay Gould's or King Charles the Second.

Christ means to me the best kind of a Friend, as well as Leader, who is giving me in this world ten times, nay, the proverbial hundred fold, as good times as I could enjoy in any other way. Christ's religion to me is primarily for this world, and the New Jerusalem is to come down from Heaven onto this earth and we are to be the Washingtons and the Nelsons. We are to save that city—and we are to have all the fun of really creating it. If Christ is right and life is a field of honor, and Sir Galahad and Nathan Hale and Edith Cavell got the real fun out of it, then to every red-blooded man life becomes heaven in proportion as he seizes its opportunities for service.

When the opportunity to work in Labrador came to me, I was perplexed. The conceit of the sug-

gestion, the expense of it, and the question of qualifications for the undertaking, worried me not a little. I consulted my beloved mother as to what she would do. Her answer assured me that now, though so-called "dead," she still speaketh. "I would use daily," she replied, "the words of the 143rd Psalm, 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee.'" Could any theology be more profound? Any sociology more practical? To do my surgery as Christ would do it! I am sure that when Christ made doors and windows in Nazareth they did not jam, and misfit.

I have been discouraged sometimes in the Labrador work by men who would say, "Why spend money for X-rays, radium, and up-to-date hospitals for a few fishermen?" Why? Because that is one of the first things that Christ means to me. He does not do work cheaply because He is dealing with simple men whose bread depends on physical health, nor let things slide because human experts are not there to criticize. Would any decent man? There is no question as to what Christ would do. Wouldn't He work to secure the right clay if He needed any for the cure of a working-man's eyes? I've spent many dollars on pilgrimages to famous clinics, and many on instruments and new books, with the idea that

Christ would at least have me a modernist in the practice of surgery.

As the years went by, the sense of the slowness and waste of time impressed me increasingly. I realized how slowly new ideas come to one's mind. Often I have wished that one could have taken a course at some university on "How to love your neighbor." Christ has come to mean, more and more, *doing* something, anything, well.

There is no such thing as size to weep over. Size, after all, depends, as Einstein shows, on velocity; and so we can see how the spiritual is real, the real is spiritual, and the widow's mite bigger than all the gold and silver of the Pharisees. God's challenge to us is only to do whatever we can.

As I see the Christ, He teaches that the task of making life worth living is not a loafer's job. Life is like Labrador, a Laborer's Land. It is intended to produce that which no loafer's land ever anywhere can produce, the character of sons of God. Can any one desire a world better suited for that task? Christ teaches us that life offers a worth-while prize to us all, but, like all other valuable prizes, it has to be won always with some temporary self-sacrifice. Love, Joy, and Hope and Peace are the slow-growing fruits

of the spirit. Love spells sacrifice. True joy spells achievement. Hope thrives best in hard times. Peace is the result of victory over self. Perhaps Christ's truest message was the emphasis he put upon labor. He was a laborer and most of His disciples were also.

Christ means to me that this world has the potential in it of a Kingdom of God. We are finding this through workingmen, not mere talkers, men too humble as a rule to set themselves up as oracles. I take off my hat to every man of science always, if he is a man who works: Newtons, Darwins, Huxleys, the Wrights, and Bells, Marconis, and Edisons, who by work teach us the marvels of the world, and so help me to realize that it is the work of God.

The religion of Christ is the simplest and most human course of life as well as the most divine. Life is not the horrible tragedy of being bound to a wheel from which escape into a Nirvana of forgetfulness is the loftiest hope. Life is a victory to be won by the will even against a timid intellect. Life is always everywhere a real, tough, courageous fight, with daily opportunities to which are added all the fun of the achievement and all the glories of the conqueror.

To imagine that Christ would not wear flannels and play football, or a dress suit and attend

dinners and functions, or accept the innocent changing conventions of the day, is as irrational to me as to suppose that we ought all to wear Quaker dress or a Sadhu's petticoats, or that Eskimo women should affect long skirts. In fact, it goes further than that. The Christ I visualize is inconspicuous for all absolutely unnecessary differences. He hated titles separating man from man. Leadership in everything that was of value for body, soul, and spirit was His. He was the last on earth to be anything snobbish. He loved play and work as well as worship.

Christ means to me a living personality today who moves about in this world, and who gives us strength and power as we endure by seeing Him who is invisible only to our finite and fallible human eyes; just as any other good comrade helps one to be brave and to do the right thing. Faith was essential for that conviction fifty years ago. Today, with telephones and radios and X-ray, and our knowledge of matter as only energy, and now with television within our grasp, there is not the slightest difficulty in seeing how reasonable that faith is.

There are two things that no true and wise man will deny: namely, that love is the greatest thing in the world, and that "he loveth best who serveth best."

Prayer is not to inform God of what He does not know; it is an eye through which we see God. Faith is not a denial of reason; it is a corollary of finality in relation with the infinite.

Faith came to me with the vision of Christ still alive in this world today. He meant to me a determination, God helping me, to follow Him. Certain it is that a life among fishermen was the last place I should have sought at twenty years of age with my background. I have tried to subordinate my will to His, and to play across the board as if He were directing my share in the game.

True, my five senses have never made me conscious of His physical presence in hours of temptation, fear, discouragement, and doubt; but there are other senses to be relied upon. Thus I can account for, but cannot see, touch, smell, hear or taste the force which makes my compass needle point toward the north.

The faith in Christ upon which I have based my life has given me a light on life's meaning which has satisfied my mind, body, and soul. The hope that through that faith He would reveal a way of life here which justifies it has been more than answered.

A doctor himself is a medicine. That statement, made by Dr. Ira S. Wile of New York's Mount Sinai hospital should be heard not only by every doctor but by every potential patient in the land—and that includes all of us. Putting the statement in a smart, modern form, the speaker said that any doctor who is not a pill can be more effective than any pill in curing disease.

An outstanding fact noticeable to those of the older generation is that the more the doctor has advanced in science and in the use of modern paraphernalia, the less he uses that personal magnetism, that comforting, inspiring air of assurance, known and used so well by the old family doctor. There is no getting around the fact that our troubles are largely mental; if we worry about them they get worse; if we are cheered up they get better. The modern doctor with the fluoroscope, stethoscope, the blood bank and what not had better also study psychology. Otherwise psychiatrists will take over a lot of his patients.

—*Pathfinder.*

Meekness, in the case of Moses, was patience which would not stop short of its purpose. Evil is not overcome nor the cause of life furthered nor greatness shown by becoming bitter or violent, but by persistent and assiduous well-doing. When you have lost your temper you have lost your cause. That is meekness: active patience in the face of untoward conditions; the spirit that keeps its temper and keeps going on.

—*G. B. Robson.*

☞ This is one of the most remarkable descriptions of prayer ever written by this greatest leader of the Quaker movement of our day.

Prayer and the Mystic Vision

Rufus M. Jones

ALL definition, of necessity, means limitation, and more than that, all attempt at definition instantly reveals the lines and tendencies in the character of the person proposing the definition. No one can tell us what constitutes the *essentia* of prayer, or what mystic vision really is, without discovering at the same time to us on what level of life he lives and what formative preferences are controlling his mind; and whatever he may say, we shall know that there is still something more and different to be said.

My studies of mysticism have gradually led me to the view that religion is essentially and at the bottom a mystical act, a direct way of vital intercourse between man and God. Religion is thus in its essential features as genuinely a matter of *experience* as is our relationship with an external world. This interior experience of relationship with invisible reality is what I mean by "mystic vision." The experience of mystic vision is one in which life appears at its

highest level of inner unity and integral wholeness. All the deep-lying powers of the inward self, usually so divergent and conflicting — the foreground purposes defeated by background inhibitions and by marginal doubts—become liberated and unified into one conscious life, which is not merely intellectual, nor merely volitional, nor solely emotional, but an undivided whole of experience. With the inner unification is joined furthermore a sense of flooding, invading Life and Energy from beyond.

There is something in us which demands *correspondence* with another environment than that from which we draw our physical supplies. Eternity has in some sort been set in our nature and we can no more shut the infinite out of our being than the inlet can shut out the tides of the sea. Maeterlinck has well declared that "there is in us, above the reasoning portion of our reason, a whole region answering to something different, which is prepar-

Formerly professor of Philosophy, Haverford College.

From "Concerning Prayer," ten articles on the nature, difficulties and value of prayer, by ten noted clergymen. Published by Macmillan and Co., London. 1916.

ing for the surprises of the future, and which goes on ahead of our imperfect attainments and enables us to live on a level very much superior to that of those attainments." Professor William James has shown how men "habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions."

It has been pointed out that there is a similarity between experience of mystic vision, these moments of inward "flooding," and the varied phenomena of "auto-suggestion." There is no infallible mark or brand upon these experiences which puts them in a class all by themselves and which divides them by a great gulf from all that can be called "auto-suggestion." But "auto-suggestion" is only a learned phrase which explains nothing. It merely means that some experiences which seem self-transcending are in reality not so. "Auto-suggestions" which end in abortive fears and which shut the subject up to the vain and debilitating chase of his own illusory seemings are on their face abnormal and unhealthy states. They reveal no constructive, or survival value. They assist the subject, furthermore, in no way to get into more genuine, cooperative relationship with his fellows. On the contrary, they tend to isolate

him and to sever his connections with every kind of environment. There are experiences of mystic vision, on the other hand, the type we are now discussing, which work transforming and permanent life-effects and which appear to bring verifying evidences that extra-human forces have been discovered. Such experiences minister to life, construct personality, equip for a mission, fuse men into more dynamic groups, conduce to the increased power of the race. Energy to live by has actually come to these persons from somewhere. We have here a kind of experience which the universe backs and confirms. It is, then, at least a worthy venture of faith to trust this inner vision by which men have lived and by which many are still living.

Emile Boutroux has supplied us with a happy phrase for the heart's inner testimony to this junction of finite and infinite within us, a junction to which philosophers as well as mystics bear witness. He names it "the Beyond that is within"—a genuine Beyond, he calls it, a greater and more perfect Being than himself with which man comes in touch on the inner side of his nature. St. Augustine, the keenest psychological observer of the ancients, had already in his day discovered that there is a Beyond within which he

calls the "abyss of consciousness," where with ineffable joy the soul can come upon *That which Is*.

Whenever we get back to the fundamental experience of mystic vision and catch the soul's first-hand testimony, we get evidence that the human spirit transcends itself and is environed by a spiritual world with which it holds commerce and vital relationship.

There are always two strands to be found in all Mysticism. There is first the strand of intimate personal experience which, like the web-thread of the spider, is made out of the very substance of the inner life itself, and secondly, there is a dialectical, metaphysical strand which partakes of the "intellectual formulation." It includes mental environment which many thinkers, living and dead, have toiled to produce, and through which the mystic endeavors to express what his soul has felt. This second strand or aspect is, however, something more than "intellectual formulation." it includes as well the prevailing ideals, aspirations, and sentiments which have become the unconscious inner habits of the time, for no one can escape the group-tendencies in which he lives. If piety culminates in asceticism in one's period, and if sainthood in one's time is characteristically attached to renunciation, those traits will almost cer-

tainly be an indissoluble part of the spiritual fibre of one's mysticism.

We can learn much from the experience of the great mystics, but we must not come under the spell of the outworn thought-forms and motor-habits through which they endeavored to utter themselves.

We have a God "in whom we live and move and are," whose Being opens into ours, and ours into His, who is the very Life of our lives, the matrix of our personality; and there is no separation between us unless we make it ourselves. But true prayer is something higher. It is immediate spiritual fellowship. If we could say nothing more we could at least affirm that prayer, like faith, is itself the victory. The seeking is the finding. The wrestling is the blessing. It is no more the means to something else than love is. It is an end in itself. It has its own excuse for being. It is a kind of first fruit of the mystical nature of personality. The edge of the self is always touching a circle of life beyond itself to which it responds. The human heart is sensitive to God as the retina is to light waves. The soul possesses a native yearning for intercourse and companionship which takes it to God as naturally as the homing instinct of the pigeon takes it to

the place of its birth. There is in every normal soul a spontaneous outreach, a free play of spirit, which gives it onward yearning of unstilled desire. It is no subjective instinct—no blind outreach. If it met no response, no answer, it would soon be weeded out of the race. It would shrivel like the functionless organ. We could not long continue to pray in faith if we lost the assurance that there is a person who cares, and who actually corresponds with us. In fact the very desire to pray is in itself prophetic of a heavenly Friend. A subjective need carries at any rate an implication that there is an objective stimulus which has provoked that need. There is no hunger for anything not tasted, as John Fiske in his little book, *Through Nature to God*, has well shown. William James has said: "Very little is said of the reason why we *do* pray, which is simply that we cannot help praying."

Auguste Sabatier states, "Prayer is religion in act; that is, prayer is real religion." Religion is nothing if it is not the vital act by which the spirit seeks to save itself by attaching itself to its principle. This act is prayer, by which I mean, not an empty utterance of words, not the repetition of certain sacred formulas, but the movement of the soul putting it-

self into personal relation and contact with the mysterious power whose presence it feels even before it is able to give it a name.

I perhaps have spoken of mystic vision—the experience of intercourse—as though it were an experience which just "comes," like a wind blowing where it lists, man knows not how; but that is far from the truth. When it "comes" it is to a soul prepared for it and expecting it. To receive great human love one must bring a great human spirit to the fellowship. It is true also of communion with God, which is both a divine grace and a human *act*. To enter the holy of holies and to commune with the great Companion one must *want* to enter and one must *expect* to commune. The central act of religion, on the human side, is this expectant, co-operative raising of the soul to the personal experimental consciousness of the real presence of God. St. Gregory said: "When a soul truly desires God it already possesses Him."

Religion is primarily, and at heart, the personal meeting of the soul with God. If that experience ceases in the world, religion, in its first intention, is doomed. There can be living religion only so long as the souls of men actually experience fresh bubbling of the living water within and know for themselves that a heart of eternal love

beats in the central deeps of the universe within reach.

To give up cultivation of prayer, then, means in the long run the loss of the central thing in religion; it involves the surrender of the priceless jewel of the soul. Silence is beyond question a very important condition for the great inner act of prayer. So long as we are content to speak our own *patois*, to live in the din of our narrow, private affairs, and tune our minds to stockbrokers' tickers, we shall not arrive at the lofty goals of our souls' quest. When we learn how to center down into the stillness and quiet, to listen with our souls for the whisperings of Life and Truth, to bring all our inner powers into parallelism with the set of divine currents, we shall hear tidings from the inner world at the heart and center of which is God.

But more important than private silence is group silence—a waiting, seeking, positively expectant attitude permeating and penetrating a gathered company of persons. We hardly know in what the group influence consists, or why the presence of others heightens the sensitive, responsive quality of each soul, but there can be no doubt of the fact. There is some subtle telepathy that comes into play in the living silence of a

congregation which makes every earnest seeker more quick to feel the presence of God, more acute of inner ear, more tender of heart to feel the bubbling of the springs of life, than any one of them would be in isolation.

"When religion has done its perfect work, has melted away human passions and selfish inclinations, prayer changes," William Law says, "to something far higher than petition or request. It comes now so near to God, finds such union with Him, that the soul *does not so much pray as live in God.*"

It should be said that this consciousness of a great Companion, this discovery of life-enhancing energies within, this mutual correspondence with what seems to be a real heavenly Friend, is not confined to a few chosen spirits of the genius type. It is a much more common experience than the mere reader of books would realize. There are multitudes of men and women now living, often in out-of-the-way places, who are the salt of the earth and the light of the world in their communities because they have had vital experiences that revealed to them realities which their neighbors have missed, and energy to live by which the mere "church-goers" failed to find. There is in the

hearts of such a religious passion which throbs in everything they do.

It would undoubtedly be a grave mistake and blunder to reduce prayer, with its vast gamut of possibilities, to the simplicity of mystic vision and inner intercourse. But both in its origin as the homing instinct of the soul and its

consummation as the joyous practice of the presence of God in the experience of the ripest and richest souls, this inner way of communion is an impressive *fact* of life. I believe we are justified in going still further, and in asserting that it is the central act of prayer, the living ground and basis of religion.

I LOOK TO THEE

—*Samuel Longfellow, 1864.*

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness is still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the
skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

¶ When enough of us play this game the world's problems will be solved.

The Game with Minutes

Frank C. Lawbach

EXPERIENCE has taught us that good resolutions are not enough. We need to discipline our lives to an ordered regime. The "Game with Minutes" is a rather light-hearted name for such a regime in the realm of the spirit. It is a new name for something as old as Enoch, who "walked with God." Students will at once recognize it as a fresh approach to Brother Lawrence's "Practicing the Presence of God."

You have hitherto thought of God only a few seconds or minutes a week, and He was out of your mind the rest of the time. Now you are attempting, like Brother Lawrence, to have God in mind every minute you are awake. Such drastic change in habit requires a real effort at the beginning.

Select a favorable hour; try how many minutes of the hour you can remember God at least once each minute; that is to say bring God to mind at least one second out of every sixty. Your score will be low at first, but keep trying, for it constantly becomes easier, and after a while it is almost automatic.

Each time we try we shall do better until at last we may be able to remember God as high as ninety per cent of the whole day.

Can you win your game with minutes while passing people on the street? Yes. Offer a swift prayer for the people at whom you glance. The way people smile back at you shows that they like it. Can you continue to think of God every minute while you are reading? We have found a way. If you are reading the Bible, we may ask: "God, what art thou saying to us from these pages?" If reading a book or magazine or newspaper, we may say mentally such words as: "God, what is your opinion of this?" and so continue a running conversation with Him inwardly about the pages we are reading. Kagawa says scientific books are letters from God telling how He runs His universe.

No practice we have ever found has held our thinking so uniformly high and wholesome as this making all thought a *conversation with God*. When evil thoughts of any kind come, we say: "Lord, these thoughts are not fit to discuss with

From *The Game with Minutes*, Alcyone Press, Claremont, California, and Macalester Park Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota. (5c a copy.)

Thee. Think Thy thoughts in my mind." The result is an instantaneous purification.

We have a right to use any aid that proves useful. One such aid is to think of Christ in a definite location. As a matter of fact He is a Spirit and therefore everywhere.

Many of us win nearly all of some days by feeling the Unseen Christ beside us; or, like Paul, within us; or like St. Patrick, all around us, as though we walked within His large kindly halo. Many of us reach out and hold His hand, or imagine Him putting His arm around us.

If you have wandered to a place where you can talk aloud without being overheard, you may speak to the Invisible Companion beside you. Tell Him what is most in your heart and then answer back aloud with your voice what you believe God replies to you. Of course we are not always sure whether we have guessed God's answer right, but it is surprising how much of the time we are very certain. It really is not necessary to be sure that our answer is right, for the answer is not the great thing—He is! God is infinitely more important than His advice or His gifts; indeed, *He Himself is the great gift.*

Christ is interested in every

trifle, because He loves us more intimately than a mother loves her babe, or a lover his sweetheart, and is happy only when we share every question with Him. If an enterprise is useful, God eagerly shares in its real progress. Many of us have found that we can compose a letter or write a book better when we say: "God, think Thy thoughts in my mind. What dost Thou desire written? Here is my hand; use it." Our thoughts flow faster and we write better. God loves to be a co-author!

A business man who prays for those with whom he is dealing has far more likelihood of winning their business, and their affection. Many women cultivate Christ's companionship while cooking, washing dishes, sweeping, sewing and caring for children. An increasing army of students in school are winning this game. When in study period they say: "God, show me what is worth remembering in this lesson," then read the lesson to God, instead of reading it to yourself. When rising to recite say: "God, speak through my lips." When taking an examination, visualize God looking over your shoulder every minute you are writing. He will not tell you what you have never studied, but He does sharpen your memory and take away your stage fright when you ask Him.

God is interested in our fun as much as we are. Some of the great football players long ago discovered that they played better if they prayed all during the game. Some of the famous runners pray during races. While on the playground, do not ask to win, but whisper, "God, get Thy will done exactly. Help us all to do our best. Make us clean sportsmen and make us good friends."

Sweethearts who have been wise enough to share their love with God have found it incomparably more wonderful. Husbands and wives give rapturous testimony of homes transformed by praying silently when together. In some cases where they had begun to give each other "nerves," they have found, after playing this game when they are alone together by day or by night, that their love grew strangely fresh, rich, beautiful, "Like a new honeymoon." God is the maker of all true marriages, and He gives His highest joy to a man and wife who share their love for each other with Him, who pray inwardly each for the other when they are together looking into one another's eyes. Married love becomes infinitely more wonderful when Christ is the bond every minute and it grows sweeter as the years go by to the very last lovely day.

Troubles and pain come to those

who practice God's presence, as well as to all other people, but these seem trivial as compared to their new joyous experience. Those who are seeking to be aware of God constantly have found that even their former horror at death has vanished. We may have a new mystic intimacy with the departed loved ones, for though unseen to us they are with Christ and since He is with us they are with us as well.

We must pay the price to win this game. The first price is *pressure of our wills*, gentle but constant. What game is ever won without effort and concentration? The second price is *perseverance*. A low score at the outset is not the least reason for discouragement; everyone gets a low score for a long time. Each week grows better and requires less strain. The third price is *perfect surrender*. We lose Christ the minute our wills rebel. If we try to keep even a remote corner of life for self or evil, and refuse to let God rule us wholly, that small worm will spoil the entire fruit. We must be utterly sincere. The fourth price is *tell others*. When anybody complains that he is losing the game, we flash this question back at him: "Are you telling your friends about it?" For you cannot keep Christ unless you give Him away. The fifth price is to *be in a*

group. We need the stimulus of a few intimate friends who exchange their experiences with us.

In this game, none are losers except those who quit. We all win prizes. We develop what Thomas a Kempis calls a "familiar friendship with Jesus." All we undertake is done better and more smoothly. Our minds are pure as a mountain stream when we are playing the game. All day long we become *contented*, whatever our lot may be, for He is with us. Grudges, hatreds, jealousies and prejudices melt away. Communi-

ties have been transformed where this game was introduced. We see that the only hope for this insane world is to persuade people to "practice the presence of God."

We never attempt to keep a minute-by-minute record, since such a record would interfere with normal life. We are practicing a new freedom, not a new bondage. We fix our eyes upon Jesus, not upon the clock. After the new habit is thoroughly formed we can forget all about scores, and revel in the rapture of our new found endless Friendship.

Silence is not an end in itself, but a means to a higher experience. It is the opportunity not only for prayerful meditation, for the unfolding of truth and the apprehension of duty, but for the realization of the Divine forgiveness, the renewal of our wills and the upbuilding of our inward being in communion with the Divine Love.

—*Friends' Book of Discipline.*

When we pray we do not only speak before God; indeed the will boweth itself before God; *but it entereth into God*, and there is filled with power and virtue of God and bringeth that into the soul: the soul eateth at the table of God, and that is it of which Christ said, *Man liveth by every word of God.*

—*Jacob Boehme.*

Meditation is simply prayer without words, prayer of the soul and mind and heart. In its best form it is like talking to God with the tongue of the spirit and hearing Him answer with the ears of the soul. It is spiritual training. It is filled with consolations unknown to those who never practise it. At its poorest it is the highest form of prayer, but at its best it is a foretaste of heaven's joy.

—*Bishop F. C. Kelly.*

O Thou who are heroic Love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit, which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done. For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls who in every age have ventured in obedience to Thy call, and for whom the trumpets have sounded on the other side; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—*A New Prayer Book.*

¶ The establishing of "prayer-cells" all over the nation is one of the surest ways of solving our own and our nation's problems.

How Shall We Conduct a Prayer Group?

Glenn Clark

MANY of us who for years have been actively interested in the deepening of the spiritual life, are now setting before us as our chief objective for the coming year the establishing of as many little prayer groups as we can. Persons who are drawn together in prayer through sincere friendship and mutual understanding and earnest faith, whether the groups consist of three or thirty-three, are the hope of the nation and of the world. The ideal size of the prayer group lies anywhere between three and twelve, and the method of conducting the group should be as informal and open to guidance and inspiration as the members know how to make it.

What is the best plan of procedure? Here are a few suggestions based upon experience:

For one thing it might prove helpful if during the minutes while the group is gathering there should be as little idle conversation as possible. The time should be used to relax and what conversation is necessary should be pitched on a dreamy, meditative key. When the group has convened the first step to take should be to draw the

thoughts of all together and bind their souls and hearts in Oneness, so that the hour will be as truly spontaneous and inspired as possible. This can effectively be done by a prayer and a quiet time, followed by reading from some book. Merely reading aloud *The Practice of the Presence of God* by Brother Lawrence for the first half-hour will do wonders in lifting a group into the attitude and spirit of true prayer.

If there is one who has had a profound spiritual experience, especially one who carries great quiet spaces in his soul, the group might dispense with the reading from the book and let this one speak for ten or twelve minutes on whatever theme the spirit leads him to speak upon.

Another way is for all to repeat from memory together some psalm such as Psalm 23 or Psalm 121. Or have them all open their Bibles and read some passage in unison, such as Psalm 91 or Psalm 103, or Psalm 146, or the 14th chapter of John or the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. Any of the great classical passages from the Psalms, the Proverbs, or the New Testa-

ment would serve this purpose well. Warn people not to put on the "leading" voice but to read quietly, in a low tone, and fairly slow. Do not let your voice lead others, but trust to common sense and the rhythm in all God's children. Another way would be to ask the group to open their Bibles to a chapter and all read it silently. After absorbing and pondering upon it for a silent period with the Bible still open before them, let each in turn read aloud the verse which seems to him most vital and true, and explain why.

Or one may use the hymn book as a prayer book. Read one hymn as a prayer with a silence after each stanza. The pianist may play the chord of the last stanza and all sing, but still quietly.

Thus the first quarter or third of the hour should be used to bring the entire group into one place and into one state of consciousness, "that all might be of one mind in Christ Jesus."

The second step should be the bringing in of individual contributions such as any experience of answered prayer in the past week, any Bible promise that served as a rock of strength, or any discovery that was of value. Then the group could go into a silence again and one by one give over their problems to God. These problems could

be mentioned one by one and dropped quietly into the heart of God. As quickly as a sense of peace comes to a group they should pass on to the next problem, and then the next. Sometimes a group prefers to give these personal problems in perfect silence without even mentioning them. It is well to close the round of personal prayers by giving to the Lord each member of the group one by one. If anyone stands in special need of prayer, let the silence that follows the mention of his name continue a little longer.

After the personal prayers are given it is well to mention the larger problems of the world one by one, not from any prepared list, but as they spontaneously come to the minds of members of the group. If anything is omitted it may be that the need for that problem for that time is not so great. Here are some larger problems to be given over to God: graft in the great cities; capital and labor relations; racial adjustments; the liquor problem; unemployment; boys in the camps; forgotten men in prisons; the under-privileged; the sick confined in hospitals; the churches; the radio and the press; the government; our international problems; justice and peace for all nations; and finally, a prayer for a great spiritual awakening in the entire world.

Here is a detailed picture of one prayer group, started by a little group of women who found release in the "let us go deeper" movement sponsored by the Presbyterian Church:

"Over a year ago a thoughtful president of a missionary society in a great western city felt the need now coming to the consciousness of so many to 'go deeper.' Intensely spiritual, she felt the call to make quest for new power in prayer. She asked a few women to an 'upper room.' Confessedly she had no plan, no program, but she had a need which she wanted to share.

"The women came—an interesting group in that they were not intimate friends. But the convener had called women who might understand her own spiritual hunger. A miracle came that morning. After two hours of honest confession, of facing prayer difficulties as well as aspirations, of prayer together, the group found themselves gripped by a bond which has never been lessened.

"We meet twice a month for two hours, in the morning. There has been no publicity; few know the group exists. No member is ever reminded of the meeting. Whether few or many come, it is prayer hour.

"The prayer hours are as nearly leaderless as possible. The con-

vener chooses one woman to hold the very loose organization together, and to direct simply the hour of prayer. The program starts itself. Around the room each states her heart message or burden. A scope of remarkable breadth and catholicity has characterized the hours together—personal, church, society, national boards, unspoken requests, responsibilities and official tasks—whatever is the heart's need for the morning. Utter frankness and freedom, yet dignity and reserve; lack of stupid repetition and airing of troubles; sharing with perfect confidence—these have been characteristics. The concerns of the 'upper room' have been sacred. Never, we think, has anything been repeated outside. The matters seem not to be ours but His after we have prayed there.

"Discussion is never checked, yet prayer occupies the major portion of every meeting—spoken prayer, silent prayer. One feels free to interrupt discussion with prayer, or prayer with discussion. There is no sense of strain or 'filling in' time. The two hours pass with unbelievable rapidity.

"Honesty is our hobby. None wishes to claim untested faith. Conventional attitudes of belief have been discarded there. We have gone deeper to find our individual certainties. We promised never to attend from sense of duty, only

from irresistible desire. Our lives were too full of trying to meet God from a sense of duty—here, we would honestly eschew that.

“So the Spirit seems to brood over our hearts. We pledge to pray for one another upon remembrance—not too steadily. A sincere affection has grown up among us, and we depend more and more upon one another’s prayers. I have never felt such strength from corporate prayer, never had I seen such utter sincerity, intellectual honesty, and freedom from conventional assents.”

The largest, as well as one of the most successful prayer groups I ever heard of, one which, believe it or not, has continued steadily for over two years with no sign of coming to an end, might serve as a model for others of similar kind. Its long continuance is very unusual, as most prayer groups are usually brought together for a limited period, a season, or, at most, a year. The power of this group is derived from three or four causes: First, the leader gives herself entirely to God’s leading before she goes to the meeting, putting everything in His hands, even the words that she is to say. She announces that no one who holds unforgiveness toward anyone in her heart should come. Second, there are great loyalties and friendships that bind the

group together. Third, the meetings are simply drenched and soaked in Scripture, one chief feature of each meeting being the memorizing of great portions of the Bible. Fourth, the leader uses unusual inspiration and skill in techniques that are effective and varied and often unexpected.

Some part of the Scriptures is memorized at every meeting. Often the members are asked at the next meeting to mention an incident during the week where the memorized passage of the past week helped them over some hard place. Long periods of silent prayer are mixed in with the memorizing. Sometimes the leader walks among the members with an open Bible, asking each to lay her hand upon it and put upon it her particular trouble. They are warned, however, that unless they are willing to *leave* it there they are not to put it there.

At every gathering some previously memorized portions of Scripture are asked for, sometimes from one person, sometimes four or more are asked to give a passage in unison, something like a verse-reading choir. Instead of listening to long testimonies repeated at every meeting, this group listens to the great promises of God and packs their minds with great passages of Scripture.

In the Black Hills of South Dakota I once saw one hundred college students come together on a hillside overlooking a beautiful mountain-valley, young men and women, reticent and self-conscious in regard to things of religion, but who lost their timidity and had a great spiritual experience as they lost themselves in the presence of Nature. This was accomplished through the simple device of having them all sit and face the same direction and look upon the beautiful scene before them, forgetting that there was anyone else in their presence. First, they were asked to give verses from the Bible or excerpts from poems that they especially loved. After a number of these had been given in such a way as to lift the entire consciousness of the group to a very high level of contemplation of God's beauty and majesty, they were asked to give any personal experience of finding God. No one was to look at the one speaking and no one was to pay attention to anything but God and Nature. The testimony that came forth was tremendous in its spiritual power.

One evening at the University of Nebraska I met with a large group of students in a woodland hut in front of an open fireplace where I witnessed a similar experience to that I had seen in the Black Hills. After my talk on

prayer was finished I asked that all electric lights in the room be turned off. As the young people watched the firelight grow more dim I asked them to quote passages from the Bible, and later asked them to tell of their own deep spiritual experiences. There I saw great things happen when a group of people lost all sense of self and felt as alone with God as if they were in an inner closet with the door closed.

Let me say in conclusion that while sincerity, consecration and adoration should be at the center and core of any praying group, care should be exercised that there is not too much "heaviness." The seriousness should not be allowed to border upon gloom. Power enters any group which is so filled with selflessness that the selflessness expresses itself in quiet joy and freedom. Indeed, when a group is emptied of self and is witnessing the great experience of letting God pray through them, the members of the group should feel a joy and a freedom that permits true inspiration to manifest itself.

I have merely indicated here in very feeble words a little of the possibilities that might come through a group, no matter how large or how small, when it is completely released into the hands of the Father.

¶ Jesus' method of teaching His disciples to pray is here discussed by this writer of a past generation.

Teach Us to Pray

Andrew Murray

THE FATHER waits to hear every prayer of faith, to give us whatsoever we will, and whatsoever we ask in Jesus' name. We have become so accustomed to limit the wonderful love and the large promises of our God, that we cannot read the simplest and clearest statements of our Lord without the qualifying clauses by which we guard and expound them. If there is one thing I think the Church needs to learn, it is that God means prayer to have an answer, and that it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God will do for His child who gives himself to believe that his prayer will be heard. *God hears prayer*; this is a truth universally admitted, but of which very few understand the meaning, or experience the power.

The disciples had been with Christ, and seen Him pray. They had learned to understand something of the connection between His wondrous life in public, and His secret life of prayer. And so they came to Him with the request, "Lord, teach us how to pray." Jesus opened a school, in

which He trained His redeemed ones to have power in prayer.

We offer ourselves as learners; we would indeed be taught of Thee. "Lord, teach *us* to pray."

"Lord, *teach* us to pray." We feel the need now of being *taught* to pray. At first there is no work appears so simple; later on, none that is more difficult; and the confession is forced from us: We know not how to pray as we ought. Even when we know what to ask, how much there is still needed to make prayer acceptable. It must be to the glory of God, in full surrender to His will, in full assurance of faith, in the name of Jesus, and with a perseverance that refuses to be denied. Let but the deep undertone of all our prayer be the teachableness that comes from a sense of ignorance, and from faith in Him as a perfect teacher, and we may be sure we shall be taught, we shall learn to pray with power. A pupil needs a teacher who knows his work, who has a gift for teaching, who in patience and love will descend to the pupil's needs. Jesus is all this and more. He knows what

From "With Christ in the School of Prayer," published by Henry Altemus Company.

prayer is. Jesus never taught His disciples how to preach, only how to pray. He did not speak much of what was needed to preach well, but much of praying well. To know how to speak to God is more than knowing how to speak to man. Not power with men, but power with God is the first thing.

Let there be the deep confession of our inability to bring God the worship that is pleasing to Him; the childlike teachableness that waits on Him to instruct us; the simple faith that yields itself to the breathing of the Spirit. Above all, let us hold fast the blessed truth that the knowledge of the Fatherhood of God, the revelation of His infinite Fatherliness in our hearts, the faith in the infinite love that gives us His Son and His Spirit to make us children, is indeed the secret of prayer in spirit and in truth. This is the new and living way Christ opened up for us. To have Christ the Son, and the *Spirit of the Son*, dwelling within us, and revealing the Father, this makes us true, spiritual worshipers.

It is because so many of God's children do not understand the connection between the life of faith and the prayer of faith that their experience of the power of prayer is so limited. When they desire earnestly to obtain an answer from God, they fix their

whole heart upon the promise and try their utmost to grasp that promise in faith. When they do not succeed, they are ready to give up hope; the promise is true, but it is beyond their power to take hold of it in faith. Jesus teaches us: Have faith in God, the living God: let faith look to God more than to the thing promised; it is His love, His power, His living presence will waken and work the faith. A physician would say, to one asking for some means to get more strength in his arms and hands to seize and hold, that his whole constitution must be built up and strengthened. So the cure of a feeble faith is alone to be found in the invigoration of our whole spiritual life by intercourse with God. Learn to believe in God, to take hold of God, to let God take possession of thy life, and it will be easy to take hold of the promise. He that knows and trusts God finds it easy to trust the promise too.

Though we have God's promises in the Bible, with full liberty to take them, the spiritual power is wanting, except as *God Himself speaks them to us. And He speaks to those who walk and live with Him.*

Jesus knows our hearts, how doubt and distrust toward God are natural to us, and how easily we are inclined to rest in prayer as

a religious work without an answer. He knows too how, even when we believe that God is the Hearer of prayer, believing prayer that lays hold of the promise, is something spiritual, too high and difficult for the half-hearted disciple. He therefore at the very outset of His instruction to those who would learn to pray, seeks to lodge this truth deep into their hearts: prayer does avail much; ask and ye *shall* receive; *every one* that asketh, receiveth. This is the fixed, eternal law of the kingdom: if you ask and receive not, it must be because there is something amiss or wanting in the prayer. Hold on; let the Word and Spirit teach you to pray aright, but do not let go the confidence He seeks to waken: every one that asketh, receiveth.

It is as if He would tell us that we are not to rest without an answer, because it is the will of God, the rule of God's family: every childlike believing petition is granted. If no answer comes, we are not to sit down in the sloth that calls itself resignation, and suppose that it is not God's will to give us an answer. No, there must be something in the prayer that is not as God would have it, childlike and believing; we must seek for grace to pray so that the answer may come.

It is one of the terrible marks of the diseased state of Christian

life in these days, that there are so many who rest content without the distinct experience of answer to prayer. They pray daily, they ask many things, and trust that some of them will be heard, but know little of direct definite answer to prayer as the rule of daily life.

There may be cases in which the answer is a refusal because the request is not according to God's Word, as when Moses asked to enter Canaan. But still, there was an answer: God did not leave His servant in uncertainty as to His will. It is in prayer and its answer that the interchange of love between the Father and His child takes place.

How deep the estrangement of our heart from God must be, that we find it so difficult to grasp such promises. Even when we accept the words and believe their truth, the faith of the heart comes so slowly. It is because our spiritual life is still so weak, and the capacity for taking God's thoughts is so feeble. But let us look to Jesus to teach us as none but He can teach. If we take His words in simplicity, and trust Him by His Spirit to make them within us life and power, they will so enter into our inner being, that the spiritual Divine reality of the truth they contain will take possession of us.

Jesus would have us see that

the secret of effectual prayer is: to have the heart filled with the Father-love of God. It is not enough for us to know that God is a Father: He would have us take time to come under the full impression of what that name implies. We must take the best earthly father we know; we must think of the tenderness and love with which he regards the request of his child; we must then consider with *how much more* tenderness and joy *He* sees us come to Him, and gives us what we ask aright. But let us yield heart and life not only when we want to pray. The child who only wants to know the love of the father when he has something to ask, will be disappointed. But he who lets God be Father always and in everything, who would fain live his whole life in the Father's presence and love, who allows God in all the greatness of His love to be a Father to him, oh! he will experience most gloriously that a life in God's infinite Fatherliness and continual answers to prayer are inseparable.

Our prayers must not be a vague appeal to His mercy, an indefinite cry for blessing, but the distinct expression of definite need. It demands time, and thought, and self-scrutiny to find out what really is our greatest need. And yet how much of our

prayer is vague and pointless. If, as in silence of soul we bow before the Lord, we were to ask such questions as these: What is now really my desire? Do I desire it in faith, expecting to receive? Am I now ready to place and leave it in the Father's bosom? Is it a settled thing between God and me that I am to have the answer? We should learn so to pray that God would see and we would know what we really expect. If I really will to have anything that is within my reach, I do not rest till I have it. And so, when Jesus says to us, "What wilt thou?" He asks whether it is indeed our purpose to have what we ask at any price, however great the sacrifice.

God only knows when everything in and around us is fully ripe for the manifestation of the blessing that has been given in faith. It is "through faith and *patience* we inherit the promises." Believe that *ye have received*, and *ye shall have*. Between the *have received* in heaven, and the *shall have* of earth, *believe*; believing praise and prayer is the link. It is when we enter into a living fellowship with God Himself, in a faith that always sees and hears Him, that it becomes easy and natural to believe His promise as to prayer. The prayer of faith is rooted in the life of faith.

☐ Peace is not a status,
it is dynamic, not static.

The Nature of Peace

Henry M. Wriston

WHAT is the nature of peace? It is a great and never-ending quest, like the search for truth. It is an act of faith which summons all moral and intellectual and even great physical energies, just as the search for truth makes insistent, continuous, and powerful demands. It represents an ideal which, by definition, can never be fully attained. There can be no pause, no rest in its pursuit or it vanishes over the horizon and is lost.

Therefore peace can never be a status; those who seek to distribute the world's assets equitably with the hope of a stable peace are doomed to perpetual disappointment. For peace has to do with persons, not property. The material factors are only pawns in the game. Boundaries do not make war, nor do natural resources, nor gold, nor any physical thing. Men make war, and men only. "Human nature being what it is, there must be either adventures of peace or adventures of war." One of the ancient prophets spoke of peace "as a river"; it is

a suggestive metaphor, full of motion, power, change. Peace may be continuous, but never the same; it is dynamic, not static.

"Security" is a deadly enemy. No normal human being long wants security. For life is an adventure; the only security is the grave. Normal men want to live and feel the tingle of excitement that hazard and danger bring. If we were really dedicated to safety first, we should not build bridges and tunnels, we should not manufacture cheaper cars to go faster—or ten thousand other things. Achievement comes first, security somewhere behind. Anyone who so misreads the nature of man as to seek to reverse that order is the enemy of peace. "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it" is a hard saying, but it is validated by the experience of the race in its day-to-day life. Running away from trouble to "security" is one of the fundamental causes of this war.

Only when an ideal seems worth the gamble of life itself is any really vital achievement possible. Peace as a supreme accomplish-

From *Prepare for Peace*, by Henry M. Wriston, Harper and Brothers, Publisher.

ment involves special hazards. No great achievement is possible without risk; every significant effort is certain to meet determined resistance. That opposition may amount to war.

Fear is destructive to peace. For fear is surrender to danger, not its mastery. Danger may evoke prudence, or it may awaken courage; either of those responses is a source of strength to overcome the danger. But fear is paralysis; it freezes power instead of releasing it. Yet the fundamental argument for peace in America for twenty years has been based on fear—fear of “involvement,” fear of foreigners, fear of propaganda. The only action fear suggests is to run. Peace rests upon strength, courage, faith, upon clarity of mind and firmness of will, never upon the doubts of fear nor the frantic confusion of panic. The defensive mood is identical with defeat.

Peace is certainly not the elimination of friction, resistance, stress or strain. It is the art of turning those apparent enemies into friends and using them for constructive purposes. Friction is essential to any movement at all. Without it we could not walk a step. Electricity is its product. Unless there was friction not a train could move, nor a car. Men could neither swim nor fly except in a

restraining medium. No building would stand for a moment without stress and strain. Peace is a condition of fluent power with friction harnessed; it is the sense of assurance that stress and strain are adequately compensated. Peace, therefore, constitutes a release of energies, not their confinement. Men find their activities futile without order and discipline just as they find them useless when subordinated to security. The democratic thesis and the totalitarian principle are alike in their recognition of the need for discipline, but they are poles apart in the method of attainment. The adventurousness of democracy achieves order by as few rules as possible and by an accent upon self-discipline. The contrary philosophy of government achieves order by what has been properly called “the police state,” with its accent upon regulation and external discipline. Since peace requires fluent power, it is achieved best when action is self-controlled by internal discipline. It is not to be achieved by suppression at all. Order is the happy mean between immobility and chaos, and is essential to peace.

Justice is not synonymous with peace. If those two words were really one, the world would be altogether different from the world as we know it. Men have fought

—they are now fighting—just as readily for unjust causes as for just. Indeed if one set out to remove the causes of war by taking away the things about which men have fought, there would be little or nothing left.

There is no argument against justice; it has its own values, which are intrinsic and of great significance. Justice may take away all vindication of war, but not its occasion. It may make the aggressor doubly wrong; it does not cure his aggression. That fact indicates another fallacy of appeasement; it was predicated upon accepting the assertions about the “have” and “have-not” nations as the substance of the difficulty, rather than its form alone. The injustice should have been righted. Unfortunately there is no evidence that righting wrongs would have saved the peace.

Peace is the mastery of great forces; it is not the solution of a problem. Often our habits of speech mislead our thoughts. Because the words are borrowed from mathematics, when we speak of a “problem” we always think of a “solution.” Because the solutions in mathematics, however difficult, are so perfect, so complete, and so final, its discipline has always charmed the minds of men. But problems of the dimensions of peace do not have neat,

simple, or final solutions. Rather they must be in perpetual process of solution, and assume fresh forms as we reach new stages.

Perhaps it will be suggestive to say that what a coherent personality is in the life of an individual, so is peace in the life of the world. Precisely as a well-ordered personality goes from one stage of realization on toward a fresh ideal beyond present attainment, so the aim and ideal of peace must expand and lead to a more satisfying interpretation of international life. Even the most effective personality meets defeat and occasional failure; so will the ideal of peace. But we must not let impatience overestimate the failure.

A sense of proportion is essential to peace. Just as the phrase “total war” is a misnomer, so also “total peace” is an impossibility. In time of peace there will be local outbursts of violence; as long as men remain human that is inescapable. In time of war there are some—more than one might suspect—who go the even tenor of their ways, less troubled by war than by the domestic difficulties of sickness, poor crops, drought, or bad storms. This is not to argue that the difference between peace and war is insignificant, but it ought to remind us that we should not overdramatize either.

We should fight to master war as we fight to master the scourge of cancer, persistently, resourcefully, courageously, responsibly. Periodically some quack or someone suffering from self-hypnosis will announce a miraculous

"cure." Those who accept the proclamation face bitter disappointment. Patience and persistence, a sense of proportion are more valuable than a reliance upon magic or miracles.

☐ Add Christ to this and you have a perfect technique of prayer.

How the Indian Prays

J. Allen Boone

IN SPITE of his lack of what white men call "schooling," the Indian Little Beaver is one of the best educated men I have ever met. What he knows goes far beyond conventional academic boundaries. He is very religious, too. And this in spite of the fact that he has never talked with a clergyman, has never been in a church, and knows almost nothing about religious organizations, creeds, or articles of faith. His religion is as natural and as much a part of him as his breathing. It consists almost entirely of an endeavor to be constantly aware of the all-pervading presence of the Great Spirit, and to move in harmony with it.

Little Beaver is credited with all kinds of mysterious powers, because of his ability to see, hear, and know things beyond the capacities of most human beings. He never reads books, magazines, or newspapers. He rarely asks questions. He talks very little. Yet his ability to understand what has happened, is happening, or is going to happen, is amazing. He reads intentions in people as though they were made of glass, and he reads them before the people appear physically. I know his secret, though. I know how he does these things. I can say it in three words: purification, prayer, receptivity.

For instance, whenever Little Beaver needs information, advice,

From *Letters to Strongheart*, by J. Allen Boone, Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1939. \$2.50.

or help, he always uses the same method. He first cleanses his body. Then he empties his mind of everything he believes shouldn't be there. Then he goes to the quietest and most beautiful spot he can find, puts himself en rapport with the Great Spirit, and listens. He listens humbly, patiently, trustingly, and expectantly for the Great Spirit to tell him what to do, and how to do it. His favorite time for this is just before dawn. His favorite place, an elevation facing the rising sun. During these periods of communion with the Great Spirit he goes without food and water, in order to sharpen his receptive faculties.

His prayers consist almost entirely of thanksgiving and listening. He never attempts to impress, or flatter, or advise the Great Spirit. He never begs for favors; he never asks for special privileges for himself. Instead he subordinates everything to his inner hearing, his inner vision. When he receives his instructions from the Great Spirit, he acts immediately. If, say, he or some of his friends have lost cattle, he will return from his prayers knowing why the cattle disappeared, where they are, who is involved in it, and the best way to handle the situation. He never

follows earth trails, but always inner guidance.

Yesterday I asked Little Beaver how he knew a certain prospector was going to cross our trail at a certain place and hour, long before we met him. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said, "In-knowing!" That is all the explanation he would give me. I asked my friend Mohave Dan, an old prospector, how he would define "in-knowing" if I asked him as one gentleman to another.

"Well, you could define it in a lot of different ways," he said. "you could call it intuition, or immediate perception, or direct knowing, or insight, or a 'hunch.' They all mean about the same thing—the sudden arrival in a little mind of something from the Big Mind." (Dan came into the desert years ago with a college education back of him.)

"Do you suppose the great prophets of the past meant the same thing when they spoke of 'the voice of God' coming to them?" I asked.

"Certainly!" said Dan. "Only they were smart enough to listen and follow instructions."

"Like Little Beaver?" I asked. Dan nodded.

The sun is always having sinking spells, but he gets up every morning.

—Cheerio.

☞ An original interpretation
of the sources of genius.

Sources of Genius

Edna Phillips

GENIUS is creative work of a high order in directions new to experience. It comes to them who have an ability to invoke inspiration, mystically active souls. Its expression is conditioned by their own endowment. It is latent, at least, in us all.

What is the source of power for genius? Work of this rank is not built up by reason; it cannot be taught; it is not routine; it does not proceed by observable steps. Its source is "Something outside"—call that whatever we choose—"The Higher Consciousness," or God. It is known by its fruits. Access to this power brings heightened perceptions. It brings enlargement of vision. Its application brings works of genius.

Leonardo da Vinci's sense of wonder was a passion. It gave him his capacity for observation, his drive for scientific research, his reverence for the sacredness of human life. "A grandson of God," he has been called.

Not his capacity for work, but the *radiant interest* that gave his work its momentum and direction and creativeness, was the source of Thomas Edison's power. This is the secret of his uncanny en-

durance, of the concentration, which played their part in producing inventions of such importance and in such numbers. "Inventing was for him," says Mary C. Nerney in her *A Modern Olympian*, "what a jag is for some men—a recurring and insatiable appetite; an unconquerable thirst; experiments, the separate drinks that brought the final Dionysian release. He was helpless in its grip, driven of the gods—in short, a genius."

Why is St. Francis everybody's saint? Why was his life productive beyond anything an individual could do of and by himself? Why is he a vital influence today, even more than during his lifetime? Because his source of power was unity with a cosmic life. His heart was sensitized by love that knew no bounds. It included God, man, the beasts, all nature. It is still a celestial fire that warms all who attend.

The channels to this dynamic power have been opened in one or more of three ways:

By "listening."

By emotion.

By perceptual flashes.

"Listening" may take the form

of prayer; it may take the form of hearing an Inner Voice; it may be the faculty of fruitful meditation.

In the experience of Joan of Arc the Voice was dramatized in the form of the saints who attended her in her visions. Whether or not she saw or heard them, she *had* something that brought results. A modern instance of "listening" is Mahatma Gandhi. This physical whiff of a man—of no worldly status—has an Empire on the watch and he does nothing of importance without first asking God's guidance in prayer. Thus he polarizes himself to the flow of inspiration. Then he tackles Goliath single-handed, a mystically active soul with the capacity to meditate fruitfully.

To John Keats, emotion was the door to "that something beyond." In him it took the form of responsiveness to beauty. When he opened the sluice-gates, we had the "Ode to a Grecian Urn."

The projecting power of trouble was the form emotion took for the ill-fated Tolstoi. Remorse for his part in a worldly and selfish life played upon his extreme affectability. Suffering, however, led to his grasp of a deeper reality than he had been aware of before. His greatest writing followed.

In our own midst we have an instance—not of one who has gone

so far as being a mystically active soul—but who demonstrates the emotion of a fundamental drive becoming the dynamo producing social ends of no small importance. Fiorello La Guardia harnessed his life-long pugnacity to the outlet of reform and great public works.

Another in our midst: for years Starr Daily's responses vibrated only to evil; he had a rating of habitual criminal from four penal authorities. He was doomed to life in one penitentiary after another. Then came the perceptual flash of which we hear in his *Love Can Open Prison Doors*, that completely, at once, and without a single return to his former habits, re-directed his life. Now it is one of remarkable effectiveness in releasing others from their bondage—whatever form that bondage has taken.

It was an intuitive flash of the surpassing importance of "Reverence for all life," that compelled Albert Schweitzer—the world's leading exponent of the music of Bach, with a doctor's degree in music, in philosophy, and in divinity—to devote his life and to do his great work as a physician among the black men of an African interior.

How can we tell a genius? A genius has one or more of these traits:

1. Unity with the cosmos. He has love of the Creator, the creatures, human and otherwise, and of all nature. Walt Whitman is a strong example of this aspect.

2. The impulse to create.

3. A luminous quality, ecstasy, the power of radiation. We have two good instances of this in our century. William Lyons Phelps' autobiography is fairly incandescent with it. If you haven't read another exemplar, as shown in Edith Gittings Reid's *The Great Physician, A Life of Sir William Osler*, you have a treat before you. In reading of his life, you feel he had a power of radiation that could tame a tiger with a toothache.

4. High voltage. This flow of

energy makes their work seem like play—as in Edison, who said he never worked a day in his life.

5. A passion for results.

6. Intuition. The ability to get the essence of a thing; to make a touch at the hub of the wheel do the work of a long push at the rim.

All people of great achievement have been prodigious workers. Usually they can recuperate on less sleep than others are accustomed to take. But it is the genius that furnishes the motor power for the work, not the work that produces the genius. The "Two per cent inspiration" supplies the drive for the "ninety-eight per cent perspiration."

DREAM YOUR DREAM

Myrtle Dean Clark

Dream your dream,
Wing it with expectancy
And a sailing song.

Dream your dream
So vividly it has existence,
Then sing, sing its sailing song.

Dream your dream,
Live it, feel it, pray for it with ecstasy,
And it *shall* set sail—with a song.

As you learn to walk only by walking, to leap by leaping, and to fence by fencing, so you can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion that presents itself.

—J. S. Blackie.

¶ How simple the greatest things are,
as well as the little things of life!

Simple Things

Derek Neville

LATE ONE night, not very long ago, I was writing a few verses which included the following lines:

"The robin's eye, to me
Speaks all eternity.
I beg for crumbs with him
And the wild world grows
dim
For both of us."

The next morning I awoke early to find a robin in my room. He sat on my typewriter—on the very sheet of paper that contained his name—and sang a clear sweet song. And most of my readers know that birds do not sing when they are frightened.

Was this mere coincidence? I think not. Perchance if we could see deep into the eyes of our fellows, we should then see eternity there, and beg for bread with them and bear their burdens and understand their hopes and fears, their unuttered longings and their silent prayers. And perhaps they would come to us with joy—knowing our love for them, unafraid (for love casts out fear) and expressing their lives more perfectly in a way that might be

likened to the song of the robin.

For it may be said that religion is only a matter of feeling love. It is indeed as simple as that. We try to make much more of it in a mental sense. We try to understand the Nature of God and the very processes of Eternity with our minds. But this we cannot do.

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's
mind."

Yet the remarkable thing is that the comprehension of Eternity, though beyond the boundary of man's thought, is not beyond the boundary of man's feeling. For Eternity is hidden within the smallest grain of wheat, and is surely to be found within the Soul of man.

We look at the outward world of colors and shapes and we try to understand life's meaning with our minds. We try to solve human problems by the re-arrangement of outward things, but we fail miserably and will go on failing as long as we miss the secret that all life is based upon feeling. Behind all colors and shapes, upholding all outward movement,

From *Science of Thought Review*, Chichester, England.

guiding and drawing all the destinies of men and women, is the Spirit of God. Once we find this spirit we are able to know That which is in all other things.

How simple life becomes then. Gone is all need of argument, gone is the mental strain of trying to plumb the depths by means of our brains. To find God, then, we need to do nothing more than to find in our hearts that Love which is Divine. It is not our own possession. It is the inward surge of the Infinite, the touch of the Holy Spirit that makes the beauty of the flowers, the power of the oak-tree, the light of the sun and the stars. It is the touch of stillness that is yet throbbing with all the music of the spheres, the incoming of the power that cleanses and purifies the heart. Our eyes are at last opened. We see new things. We feel new things. Before, we could not see the needs of others. Now, we see them all. Before, we had nothing to offer to others, or even the desire to offer anything. Now, we have but one desire—to give, to love, to serve.

It is a simple thing. Such a simple thing. And yet it touches the roots of life in every form, in every time, and in every place.

For then do we know that we are spiritual beings. Our bodies are only the expressions of an eternal reality. Our bodies will

die and go back to dust. The truth about us is the spirit that quickens our bodies into life. This is indeed the truth about all things. For all matter is only a passing expression of the reality that is spirit. Lovely shapes come and go before our eyes. The shapes pass, but the loveliness is always appearing—the same yesterday, today and forever. Have we thought enough about that? Or rather, do we feel enough about it? Think of the many different kinds of flowers. They have their own shapes, their own colors, their own scents. But the beauty behind them is the same yesterday, today, and forever. It does not change. It is Eternal. It is the breath of life that moves across the world from beyond the stars. It is under all things and in all things. Sometimes, when our hearts are quickened by love, compassion, pity, or mercy, we can see it shining, nay, feel it within us—that Beauty that lights up the world for us.

If I were asked the way to world reconstruction, the way to peace on earth, the way to destroy the many evils of mankind, I should say—"This is the way. To find for yourself that Spirit which is in all things and which men call by a thousand names, though they know that it is Nameless." And to those who argue that this is too simple a way—that we

must be practical, and so on—I would answer that the finding of this spirit will unlock the doors of all practicality. The one who finds this Spirit does not lose himself in dreams. For love must give, and love must serve. The lover of

God gives himself to service and finds that his life becomes intensely practical. For it is this Spirit which has animated man to outward service since the dawn of history.

Empires

Charles R. Wakeley

Fashions and forms grow old and fade and die,
Structures, long builded, perish and decay.
Things which appear enduring, pass away
And ancient cities reft and ruined lie.
Nations cannot the touch of Time defy.
Assyria, Babylonia, where are they?
Life surges on, impelled as yesterday,
And Hope erects new temples toward the sky.

How long, how long ere childish man shall know
Those greatest lessons that the years impart,
That in the aeons, as they come and go,
Things, most abiding, are the gifts of Art?
He wisely labors, though results seem slow,
Who builds with dreams the Empires of the Heart.

A MESSAGE FROM THE JAPANESE DEPUTATION OF CHRISTIANS

It seems but yesterday that we were conferring with you regarding matters of great mutual concern. As we look back over our experiences in the United States from this far perspective your countless courtesies and kindnesses take on an ever deepening meaning. Words utterly fail to express the deep appreciation which fills our hearts. We can only say thank you!

The world situation grows increasingly ominous. No matter what turn things may take, however, we shall always treasure the friendship and fellowship which made our conferences and contacts so delightful and meaningful.

Let us maintain the soul fellowship which is centered in Christ and bind our two nations together with a bond of unceasing and earnest prayer.

Tokyo, Japan, July 20th, 1941.

☞ The Inward Light, the Inward Christ, is the living center to which all real Christians must return as to a sanctuary.

The Light Within

Thomas R. Kelly

DEEP within us all there is an amazing inner sanctuary of the soul, a holy place, a Divine Center, a speaking Voice, to which we may continuously return. Eternity is at our hearts, pressing upon our time-torn lives, warming us with intimations of an astounding destiny, calling us home unto Itself. It is a Light Within which illumines the face of God and casts new shadows and new glories upon the face of man. In this humanistic age we suppose man is the initiator and God is the responder. But the Living Christ within us is the initiator and we are the responders. All our apparent initiative is already a response, a testimonial to His secret presence and working within us.

The basic response of the soul to the Light is internal adoration and joy, thanksgiving and worship, self-surrender and listening. The secret places of the heart cease to be our noisy workshop. They become a holy sanctuary of adoration and self-oblation, where we are kept in perfect peace. And

in brief intervals of overpowering visitation we are able to carry the sanctuary frame of mind out into the world, into its turmoil and its fitfulness, and in a hyperaesthesia of the soul, we see all mankind tinged with deeper shadows, and touched with Galilean glories.

But the light fades, the will weakens, the humdrum returns. Can we stay this fading? No, nor should we try. But the Eternal Inward Light does not die when ecstasy dies. The Light Within never fades, but burns, a perpetual flame, where the wells of living water of divine revelation rise up continuously, day by day, and hour by hour, steady and transfiguring. The "bright shoots of everlastingness" can become a steady light within, if we are dead in earnest in our dedication to the Light, and are willing to pass out of our first stages into maturer religious living. Only if this is possible can the light from the inner sanctuary of the soul be a workaday light for the marketplace, a guide for perplexed feet, a recreator of culture-

From "A Testament of Devotion." By Thomas R. Kelly. Harper and Brothers, \$1.00. 1941.

patterns for the race of men.

What is here urged are internal practices and habits of the mind. What is here urged are secret habits of unceasing orientation of the deeps of our being about the Inward Light, ways of conducting our inward life so that we are perpetually bowed in worship while we are also very busy in the world of daily affairs. What is here urged are inward practices of the mind at deepest levels, letting it swing like the needle to the polestar of the soul. And, like the needle, the Inward Light becomes the truest guide of life, showing us new and unexpected defects in ourselves and our fellows, showing us new and unsuspected possibilities in the power and life of goodwill among men. He urges us to such an amazing inward Life with Him, so that, firmly cleaving to Him, we always look out upon all the world through the sheen of the Inward Light, and react toward men spontaneously and joyously from this Inward Center.

Such practice of inward orientation, of inward worship and listening, is no mere counsel for special religious groups, for small religious orders, for special "interior souls," for monks retired in cloisters. This practice is the heart of religion. It is the secret, I am persuaded, of the inner life of the Master of Galilee. He expected

this secret to be freshly discovered in everyone who would be his follower. It creates an amazing fellowship, the church catholic and invisible, and institutes group living at a new level, a society grounded in reverence, history rooted in eternity, colonies of heaven.

The Inward Light, the Inward Christ, is no mere doctrine, belonging peculiarly to a small religious fellowship, to be accepted or rejected as a mere belief. It is the living Center of Reference for all Christian souls and Christian groups, who seriously mean to dwell in the secret place of the Most High. He is the center and source of action, not the end-point of thought. He is the locus of commitment, not a problem for debate. Practice comes first in religion, not theory or dogma. And Christian practice is not exhausted in outward deeds. These are the fruits, not the roots. A practicing Christian must above all be one who practices the perpetual return of the soul into the inner sanctuary, who brings the world into its Light and rejudges it, who brings the Light into the world with all its turmoil and fitfulness and recreates it (after the pattern seen on the Mount).

There is a way of ordering our mental life on more than one level at once. On one level we may be

thinking, discussing, seeing, calculating, meeting all the demands of external affairs. But deep within, behind the scenes, at a profounder level, we may also be in prayer and adoration, song and worship and a gentle receptiveness to divine breathings.

In a deeply religious culture men know that the deep level of prayer and of divine attendance is the most important thing in the world. It is at this deep level that the real business of life is determined. The religious mind involves the whole of man, embraces his relations with time within their true ground and setting in the Eternal Lover. It lives in resources and powers that make individuals radiant and triumphant, groups tolerant and bonded together in mutual concern, and is bestirred to an outward life of unremitting labor.

Facts remain facts, when brought into the Presence in the deeper level, but their value, their significance, is wholly realigned. Much apparent wheat becomes chaff, and some chaff becomes wheat. Imposing powers? They are out of the Life, and must crumble. Lost causes? If God be for them, who can be against them? Rationally plausible futures? They are weakened or certified in the dynamic Life and Light. Tragic suffering? Already

He is there, and we actively move, in His tenderness, toward the sufferers. Hopeless debauchees? These are children of God, His concern and ours. Inexorable laws of nature? The dependable framework for divine reconstruction. For the heart of the religious life is in commitment and worship, not in reflection and theory.

How then shall we lay hold of that Life and Power, and live the life of prayer without ceasing? By quiet, persistent practice in turning of all our being, day and night, in prayer and inward worship and surrender, toward Him who calls in the deeps of our souls. Mental habits of inward orientation must be established. An inner, secret turning to God can be made fairly steady, after weeks and months and years of practice and lapses and failures and returns. It is as simple an art as Brother Lawrence found it, but it may be long before we achieve any steadiness in the process. Begin now, as you read these words, as you sit in your chair, to offer your whole selves, utterly and in joyful abandon, in quiet, glad surrender to Him who is within. In secret ejaculations of praise, turn in humble wonder to the Light, faint though it may be. Keep contact with the outer world of sense and meanings. Here is no discipline in absent-mindedness. Walk and

talk and work and laugh with your friends. But behind the scenes, keep up the life of simple prayer and inward worship. Keep it up throughout the day. Let inward prayer be your last act before you fall asleep and the first act when you awake. Lapses and forgettings are frequent. But when you catch yourself again, lose no time in self-recriminations, but breathe a silent prayer for forgiveness and begin again, just where you are. Admit no discouragement, but ever return quietly to Him and wait in His presence.

Periods of dawning simultaneity and steadfast prayer may come and go, lapsing into alternation for long periods and returning in glorious power. And we learn to submit to the inner discipline of withdrawing of His gifts. For if the least taint of spiritual pride in our prayer-growth has come, it is well that He humble us until we are worthy of greater trust. For though we begin the practice of secret prayer with a strong sense that we are the initiators and that by our wills we are establishing our habits, maturing experience brings awareness of being met, and tutored, purged and disciplined, simplified and made pliant in His holy will by a power waiting within us. For God Himself works in our souls, in the deepest depths, taking increasing control as we are

progressively willing to be prepared for His wonder. We cease trying to make ourselves the dictators and God the listener, and become the joyful listeners to Him, the Master who does all things well. We cannot take Him by storm. The strong man must become the little child, not understanding but trusting the Father.

Here is not ecstasy but serenity, unshakeableness, firmness of life-orientation. We are become what Fox calls "established men." Such men are not found merely among the canonized Saints of the Church. They are the John Woolmans of today. They are housewives and hand workers, plumbers and teachers, learned and unlettered, black and white, poor and perchance even rich. They may not be widely known, nor serve on boards of trustees, nor preach in pulpits. Where pride in one's learning is found, there they are not. For they do not confuse acquaintance with theology and church history with commitment and the life lived in the secret sanctuary. They have found the secret of the Nazarene, and not content to assent to it intellectually, they have committed themselves to it in action, and walk in newness of life in the vast fellowship of unceasing prayer.

There is no new technique for entrance upon this stage where the

soul in its deeper levels is continuously at Home with Him. The processes of inward prayer do not grow more complex, but more simple. Conscious cooperation of the surface is needed at first, before prayer sinks into the second level as habitual divine orientation. The time will come when verbalization is not so imperative, and yields place to the attitudes of soul which you meant the words to express. If you find, after a time, that these attitudes become diffused and vague, no longer firm-textured, then return to verbalizations and thus restore their solidity.

We may suppose these depths of prayer are our achievement, the precipitate of our own habits at the surface level settled into subconscious regions. But this humanistic account misses the autonomy of the life of prayer. It misses the fact that this inner level has a life of its own, invigorated not by us but by a divine Source. There come times when prayer pours forth in volumes and originality such as we cannot create. It rolls through us like a mighty tide. Our prayers are mingled with a vaster Word, a Word that at one time was made flesh. We pray, and yet it is not we who pray, but a Greater who prays in us. All we can say is, Prayer is taking place, and I am given to be in the orbit. All human initiative has

passed into acquiescence, and He works and prays and seeks His own through us, in exquisite, energizing life. Here the autonomy of the inner life becomes complete and we are joyfully *prayed through*, by a Seeking Life that flows through us into a world of men. Sometimes this prayer is particularized, and we are impelled to pray for particular persons or particular situations with a quiet or turbulent energy that, subjectively considered, seems utterly irresistible. Sometimes the prayer and this Life that flows through us reaches out to all souls with kindred vision and upholds them in His tender care. Sometimes it flows out to the world of blinded struggle, and we become cosmic Saviors, seeking all those who are lost.

But actually completed detachment is vastly harder than intended detachment. Fugitive islands of secret reservations elude us. Rationalizations hide them. Intending absolute honesty, we can only bring ourselves steadfastly into His presence and pray, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." And in the X-ray light of Eternity we may be given to see the dark spots of life, and divine grace may be given to reinforce our complete abandonment in Him. For the guidance of the Light is critical, acid, sharper than a two-edged sword. He asks all, but He gives all.

¶ We must all discover our own secret garden of the soul to be well balanced and understanding.

The Secret Garden of the Soul

E. Herman

EVERY soul that is truly alive has a garden of which no other holds the key; and in the hours of weariness, when it is breathless with the hot race of life, and harassed by a babel of voices, it slips through the gate and walks at peace among the flowers. There is a garden of the soul also, of which that beyond the Kedron is the type, where Jesus walks with His disciples, and the clash of the world cannot drown the music of His voice. The true Christian disciple is a man of the garden. He carries with him a breath of the pure, invigorating, fragrant air that blows across the secret garden of communion. The sound of its crystal fountains is in his voice; the radiance of its sunlit flowers is mirrored in his eyes. He is not as other men are; he carries a garden in his heart, and his fellows take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

In the garden of communion the clamour of the world and the contentings of the Church are alike unheard. No sound of controversy penetrates that enclosed sanctuary; no rivalries can live within its gates of peace.

The supreme test of a full-orbed and perfectly balanced Christian character is found in its attitude toward that secret garden of the soul's delight. It takes most of us a lifetime to learn how to use that hidden retreat. We are fascinated by the open road, and follow so long and eagerly that we can no longer find our way back to the garden; or else we enter into the garden and lock the gate, and breathe its flower-sweet air till our eyes are drowsy and the days pass over us like white clouds across the summer sky. Then we wake and find ourselves alone among withered flowers and dried-up fountains; for while we dreamed the time away, Jesus has gone forth upon the high-road, conquering and to conquer, and we are left with our faded emotions and sterile longings.

With religious and social activities multiplying around us, and the call of a world's need in our ears, we are at times tempted to neglect the quiet place. The walk with God in the garden in the cool of the day seems to us a misuse of time when so much remains to be done. There is, indeed, no cool

From *The Secret Garden of the Soul* by E. Herman. Harper and Brothers.

of day for us; it is always sweltering noon, and toil as we may, the evensong bell still tarries. We race and pant; we work feverishly beyond our strength; yet our efforts seem doomed to ineffectiveness because we have forgotten the garden. The saints did few things, but did them superlatively well, for they did them in the spirit and atmosphere of the garden. Behind them was a super-natural momentum—that pure and fervent intention of soul that comes of living in close communion with God. Our actions are numerous and precipitate rather than weighty. They tread on each other's heels, neutralize each other, become increasingly mechanical and futile. "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" asks Jesus. "He that believeth shall not make haste," and of all the hours of the day, the ones spent in the garden give color to the rest.

When a crisis finds us unready and inadequate to its demands, it is largely because, while we have jostled our brethren along the high-road of religious activity, and kept ourselves busy in the house of organized effort, we have neglected the garden. The glare of the road and the bustle of the house have deceived us. We thought ourselves sterling coin, and when the hand of our Maker rang our metal against the counter of hard fact

we were dismayed at the hollow sound. Had we but submitted ourselves to the gentle testing of the garden, we would have escaped this shame. For the garden is a great touchstone. In its clear, quiet light, what passed as gold under the limelight is seen to be tinsel; beside its delicate bloom the pagentry of the public highway appears as so much crude pretentiousness. No soul can remain utterly artificial in the garden of secret fellowship. Its sunshine kills the poison-germ of unreality; its deep quietude lays bare the hidden equivocation, the latent apostasy of our recalcitrant hearts.

But if many are tempted to ignore the garden, many tend to dwell in it so exclusively as to turn its refreshing quietude into an enervating narcotic. The garden has an irresistible attraction for peace-loving souls. It is possible for a sincerely devout soul to shine in the garden, but to prove ineffective on the high-road; to excel in the devotional life, but fail to translate its devotion into terms of social righteousness.

Our Lord went often into the garden with His disciples, but the greater part of His ministry was spent, not in the garden, but on the highway and in the marketplace. There was much to fret and irritate the disciples in these busy centers, where rough controversy

and blunt opposition met them at every turn, and they were often betrayed into ignoble tempers and fierce quarrels. But the Master did not see in this a reason for withdrawing them from the ordeal of publicity and keeping them at peace in the garden. The crowded streets, the clamorous synagogue, the storm-lashed sea, the grim wilderness—these were to be their classroom and training ground; and so were but the prelude to Calvary and to the world-wide Apostolate that followed the Resurrection. The hours in the garden were ever cut short by the Master's "Arise, let us go hence;" and when the wearied disciples begged Him to send away the thronging multitude, His verdict was: "They need not depart." He chose, not to abide on the heights of contemplation, but to live and work among men. He had no use for a discipleship that is of the garden merely.

To give the garden its true place, then, is our task, for without the garden we cannot live; and by the garden, rightly used, our work in the world is determined.

And if in estimating our own condition we must take our garden hours into account, we need to do the same in judging others. Our judgments are often harsh and cruel because we see only the high-road and the house-frontage of our brother's life; we leave the garden behind the house out of our reckoning. Every day we meet and fail to recognize those who, behind an apparently mean and narrow house of life, can show a garden of flowers and singing birds. It belongs to the perfection of our Lord's Saviourhood that He can detect a garden where men see only a dead wall; and His disciples are known by their share in that Divine instinct. "You say you know a rogue at first sight," growls Carlyle; "tell me rather, what is more to the purpose, do you know a good man when you see him?" We need to learn the art of knowing a good man at sight, and the Christian soul is discerned only by him who knows how to discover the hidden garden because he, too, carries a garden in his heart.

Thou art our Father. Make us conscious of this truth that thou art our Father. Let our salutation to Thee be true. Save us from all hurts. Drive away all the sins from our hearts, and send to us all that is good. Thou art the source of all happiness, and Thou art the source of our welfare. Thou Thyself art blessedness. Amen.

—*Sunset Prayer at Tagore's School.*

Experiences of a newspaper man who is actually practicing the presence, living in imitation of Jesus, each day.

There Is Only Life in Quest

J. R. Moseley

TODAY there are many who may ask, "What can Jesus mean to me—a man who lived on this earth some two thousand years ago, whose actual existence some have doubted? How can a life so distant in time and in a setting so different from ours, have a direct bearing on my life today?"

Jesus as revealed and manifested to me is both the most real, alive and life-giving of all beings and persons, and the historical and eternal personification of love as life, and life as love. Jesus and life are revealed as limitless love going to the fullest limits and possibilities of love. The love, the life, which Jesus is and calls for is limitless good-will, the longing and the urge to work, and to see achieved pure good to everybody and to everything; its self-giving is unbounded. Like water and sunshine love is wholly non-resistant, self-giving, and self-adjusting. No resistance or oppo-

sition can keep it from being true to its nature and doing its best (even when most opposed, hated and crucified) without expecting any return. It is always beneficent and re-creative. Like light, warmth, and rain it remains faithful to its purpose whether we cooperate or oppose it—"for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust." The rain makes no discrimination between the fields of industrious and lazy farmers; the only discrimination is man-made.

Love is personal and impersonal, personal at its source but flowing out impersonally to all the world. In Jesus we have love and the personal incarnation of love as one, so that Jesus is love and love is Jesus. If Jesus is not yet a real personality to you, think of Him as the embodiment of this love that I am seeking to describe, so that when you read His name you will be unhindered by theological

From *Manifest Victory*, by J. R. Moseley. Copyright 1941, Harper and Brothers, \$1.50.

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doubt in grasping the spirit. You will then discover the possibility of real fellowship with Jesus through love, even before you know Him as a person. The essential thing is that Jesus is manifesting Himself still—from without, and breathing and infusing Himself within, giving the keys and the secrets of an abiding, fruitful and transforming identification and union with Himself.

As we choose to please Him, and to manifest Him and Him only, as we always go in love and manifest nothing but the loving spirit, His presence goes with us and gives us rest. The place of loving to do what we should, what we can do better than any one else, is the place of complete freedom and complete fulfillment. This doing what each of us can do best, what nobody could buy us off from doing, what nobody has to pay us to do, and what we would gladly pay for the privilege of doing, is the very order of life, the only order of life that will satisfy us. This way of life will make each of us a divine artist in thinking and doing.

In the will to work pure good and nothing but good to all, to give out as much heaven as possible to all, and no hell to any, the deepest secret of the Kingdom of Heaven is given us, namely, that we are in, and that we are, what

we give out. If we give the love of God to all, we open ourselves ever wider to Him, and to His love, and find ourselves increasingly in Him and His Kingdom. If we give out heaven all the time, we are in heaven all the time.

Jesus brings together in one body those who are easiest to convince and those most difficult—the so-called Fundamentalists, and the so-called Modernists. He did not drive away Thomas because he required extra proof. He gave the proof.

In the love of Jesus the conflicts between the liberal and charitable spirit, on the one hand, and the orthodox spirit that magnifies the letter, on the other hand, are harmonized to the enrichment of each. The temptation of the orthodox has been to substitute Lord, Lord, and the other shibboleths of the correctness of the letter, for keeping His commandments, for entering and abiding in fruit-bearing union and identification with Jesus. They have tried to be the branches without the vital union with the vine, and without bearing the fruit of the vine. The temptation of the liberals has been the effort to bear the fruit of the vine without being in vital union with the vine. The liberal is easy to get along with in comparison with the unconverted and unchristianized orthodox man, who is the

hardest nut of all to crack and the poorest meat of all when cracked. Such men and women are in desperate need of the Spirit of Jesus, the only possible bond of union with Jesus Himself. But notwithstanding the spiritual deadness of formal orthodoxy, its factual content is essentially true, truer than the spirit of liberalism that denies. When both the types yield to the Holy Spirit and receive the revelation of Jesus, they will be at His feet and in each other's arms.

In my own experience, I was born naturally and spiritually in an orthodox environment. In my quest for God's best, I sought Him if happily I might find more of Him among the liberals than I had found among the orthodox. He was with me all the way in the quest, and was with me to the degree of hunger and receptivity, irrespective of names and labels. When by the leading of the Spirit, I left all groups of opinions, and was dedicated to be led by the Spirit, I asked for the truth and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, if this was best for me. Finally I asked Jesus to come within me and be in me the very principle and life of His own good life and

teaching. He quickly manifested Himself without and came within. Jesus longs to get us to receive Him, to enter and abide in Him, and to bear the fruit of the union. Then He can give us of His orthodoxy, the orthodoxy of unity and spirit and understanding. I magnify my office at this point, because, having been both orthodox and liberal, and having found Him no respecter of dividing labels, I desire to make emphatic His great desire and longing to receive all who will come to Him, to take the responsibility of correcting theories, philosophies and theologies, and of guiding men into all the truth, and into the fulness of perfect life.

In these words spoken through me but seemingly from Him: "I am perfect everything; I give perfect everything; I give you perfect everything," we find a summary and fulfillment of all that Jesus and the Spirit have said concerning Him, and what He gave and is forever giving. He will not fail nor be discouraged until He has brought forth His judgment of enlightenment, love and mercy unto victory.

He that will walk uprightly must not only distinguish between simple good and evil, but between a greater good and a less; for most sin in the world consisteth in preferring a lesser good before a greater. He must still keep the balance in his hand, and compare good with good.

—Richard Baxter.

Eddie Cantor's Sermon on the Church

AT THE close of one of his radio programs, Eddie Cantor made this statement:

We've had a lot of fun here to-night, ladies and gentlemen, and now, if you'll permit me, I'd like to say something a bit more serious. Here in Los Angeles a few days ago we had a rather disturbing windstorm. I was walking along Sunset Boulevard at the time, and like the other pedestrians, I ran for cover as the gale swept down. There were a number of stores nearby, but something guided me toward a building across the street. I stood there in the archway several minutes, I guess, before I realized where I was. I had taken refuge in the doorway of a church—and it set me to thinking. The world today

is going through something far more threatening than a windstorm. Every single one of us needs refuge of one kind or another. And I know of no better place to go for it than a church. You know, the church must be a very strong and righteous thing—for it has survived every enemy it ever had! And the book which embodies the principles of the church—the Bible—is still at the top of the best seller list. We are extremely fortunate to live in a country where we can worship as we please, when we please. Let's make the most of that blessing. Go to church, whatever your race or creed. You'll meet old friends and make new ones. The greatest calamity that can befall a people is the loss of religion. Don't let it happen here. Go to church.

Jesus lived life in its wholeness. He essayed the heights, He did not shrink from the depths. Three years they say He lived before men, yet in that time He managed to let eternity break through, and lifted man's horizon to infinity. He took all that came to Him, and turned it to the purpose of His mission: circumstances, failure, disappointment, and death. They gave Him a manger for a cradle, a bench for a pulpit, thorns for a crown, and a cross for a throne; but He took them and made them the very glory of His career. He turned sorrow into joy, He found strength in labour, peace in the storm, rest on the cross, and life in the grave.

—W. E. Orchard.

One who attended the Camp Farthest Out in California tells of learning to live the life Brother Lawrence describes.

Practicing the Presence

Flora J. Seaman

THE SENSE of the Presence of God has seemed to me an experience that achieved the ultimate in Christian aspiration.

Some years ago Dr. James M. Campbell, one of the modern saints of God, wrote a very beautiful book explaining how the very word "parousia," translated "Comforter," means the Divine Presence. This book again made me feel that the practice of the presence of God—the awareness of His presence, was not only a possibility for the Christian life, but a definite promise by Christ Himself. Later, I came to know the lives of the saints, those lovely souls whose transparent lives, like stained glass windows, let the light of God shine through in glory on this troubled world. Again I was strengthened to renew my faith that if I steadily pursued my pilgrim way, in steadfast and sincere devotion, the time would come when I, too, would know the Presence. Though my faith was very deep, I longed for that individualized personal experience such as the gentle Pascal had on that burning night when his illuminated mind wrote down that concentrated

line of joy: Certainty—Certainty!

Later, I read Brother Lawrence's "Practice of the Presence of God." This little book that I could carry in my pocket, but which told the life story of one of the most lovable and homely of saints, I looked upon as a sort of text book for daily living in the Presence. It refreshed and inspired my hopes. To live daily and hourly in that intimate but marvelous consciousness of the presence of God—that was something that seemed more desirable even than the great visions that come only at long intervals to seekers after God. That I might have His daily manifest presence, to be hourly, momentarily, aware of Him;—that was to have the life triumphant indeed.

Responsibilities came to me that meant undertaking new tasks for my fellowman. These new tasks involved sacrifice on my part; much prayer for guidance; disapproval at times from those whose approval I very much desired; a deep absorption in the needs of others, in service to lives broken and desolate.

Then it was that I found myself in this situation, where I

faced the realities with utter sincerity and devotion, that I most relied on God, and He became more real than before—a partner in my undertakings.

But this daily presence I still did not have; He seemed there when I needed Him most—but it was still not The Presence.

Then suddenly, through the Gates of Pain, I myself entered that awareness so simply, so completely, so satisfyingly, so naturally, that I was unaware that I had made the great transition till I looked backward in meditation on my changed life.

Through an illness of a loved one whom I companioned up to the very Gates of Paradise, I sensed that Living Presence, the presence of the Eternal God who *is* our refuge and strength and who is indeed a “very present help in time of trouble.”

Tokens of that presence, and strength *from* that Presence, carried me through days of loss and the grief of parting from one who gave my life significance and crowned it with joy and gladness.

Thus I was sustained by that Living Blessed Presence through the crisis hours of sorrow. Then I found myself alone—alone in that Valley of the Shadow of Death—for Death leaves its shadow across our path when his

wings lift our loved ones to another world. I had new problems to face and to solve; I had to learn to live alone and in loneliness. Shortly after, I became aware that I was speaking directly to my Heavenly Father and talking to Him of my problems as simply and confidently as I did to my beloved father in the days of my childhood. I often spoke aloud telling Him of my needs, committing the problem to His care.

Guidance, clear and distinct, came to me, and came more frequently than before. It seemed a witness of the Spirit's presence. Words, hymns, scriptures that answered the call of my heart's immediate needs were supplied in a marvelous response as from one who knows and understands and who is so near that “before we call He can answer us.”

In an hour of quietness and peace, I suddenly realized what was happening. “You are practicing the presence of God!” I exclaimed. “You have been ‘practicing His presence’ without realizing it. This is the experience which you so longed for and which seemed so far beyond your qualification to achieve. God has given you His Presence when you became entirely self-surrendered and dependent on Him alone.” And from a heart that had known much suffering, I exclaimed: “I thank Thee, Father,

that Thou hast revealed Thyself to me and that I *can* have this sense of Thy love and care through the difficulties and the shadows on my path; I will *not fear* so long as I have this blessed consciousness."

Recently I stood out doors alone on a hillside, the clean sweet air of the hills sweeping about me, and watched the sunset fade in glory over the sea. I was alone in a world of Beauty—beauty that pulsated and radiated and shone with the marvelous immanence of God manifesting through the light on sea, and hill and sky. I loved this aloneness with the infinite beauty of God. Then like a flash it came over me: "You are NOT alone!" With the same rapt sense of sharing in a note of universal triumph that I had had when the children in "Blue Bird" exclaimed:

"There is no Death!" my heart cried out—"There *is* no Solitude! Never again will there be solitude in the sense of loneliness. I am not alone." "Lo, I am with you always—that was the promise. Always for me there will be that living Presence manifesting in the splendor of Love and Beauty—that transcendent glory that fills the earth with the witness of His presence. And in my own heart forever more is the token of His shining presence."

Life means that to me now; vibrant and beautiful, joyous with a confidence serene and strong that God is near. To know God, and His Love and Goodness, is surely to bring Heaven here below. It is a Rock in the times of Storm. It is the Soul's fortress in the days of Battle.

Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift. There is nothing small in it. For the greatest things grow by God's law out of the smallest. But to live your life, you must discipline it. You must not fritter it away in "fair purpose, erring act, inconstant will"; but you must make your thoughts, your words, your acts, all work to the same end, and that end is not self, but God. That is what we call *Character*.

—*Florence Nightingale*.

Let us begin afresh every day!

The heavier is your burden, the stronger and more courageous should be your heart, fearless of all that may chance to befall you.

—*St. Catherine of Siena*.

When Satan Laughed

One Hundred Years Ago

Thomas Carlyle

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successfully selected, during the French war, say, thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there until wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is

given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, "what deviltry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!"—In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in; but from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us!

Sartor Resartus by Carlyle was published in 1834, *The Mysterious Stranger* by Mark Twain in 1875, and *Put Up or Shut Up* by Demaree Bess, in the November 22, 1941 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Fifty Years Ago

Mark Twain

Said Satan: "I know your race. It is made up of sheep. It is governed by minorities, seldom or never by majorities. It suppresses its feelings and its beliefs and follows the handful that makes the most noise. Sometimes the noisy handful is right, sometimes wrong; but no matter, the crowd follows it. The vast majority of the race, whether savage or civilized, are secretly kind-hearted and shrink from inflicting pain, but in the presence of the aggressive and pitiless minority they don't dare to assert themselves. Some day a handful will rise up on the other side and make the most noise—perhaps even a single daring man with a big voice and a determined front will do it—and in a week all the sheep will wheel and follow him."

"I did not like to hear our race called sheep," said I.

"Still, it is true, lamb," said Satan. "Look at you in war—what mutton you are, and how ridiculous!"

"In war? How?"

"There has never been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful

—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will shout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platforms, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and

will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war

is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

Today

Demaree Bess

The truth is that the war in Europe is not black and white but a dirty gray. It is not a war between democracies and dictatorships, because some of the worst despotisms in Europe are now counted among Britain's allies; and one of the few genuine democracies in Europe — Finland — is fighting along-side Germany. Since we have got ourselves into this war we are compelled by the logic of war to support anybody who fights our chosen enemy. But it is not necessary to drag in such red herrings as religious freedom in militantly atheistic Russia to cover up our awkward predicament. Neither do we have to fool ourselves that so far as Europe is concerned, this is a crusade for the four freedoms. It is one of the most confused civil wars in Europe's long history and it is certain to result in the savage aftermath of all such civil wars.

The British have played a wait-

ing game. What were they waiting for? They were waiting for us. We are now confronted with a fact which should have been apparent to us from the outset—that no nation can get itself into a war, as we have done, without expecting to fight that war. If we don't get fully into it we must accept the probability that the war will end at best in stalemate, and at worst in German victory, and since we have openly challenged Germany, a German victory would mean a humiliating defeat for us. The only other answer we can make is, "We are going into an all-out shooting war against Germany." If we make this maximum choice we should understand the price we will have to pay. The cost will be incalculable in both lives and treasure, and we shall have accepted the burdens of Europe, not for a year, or a few years, but for generations.

The secret of creative living lies in the promises of God.

—George Washington Carver.

A Letter from Gladstone

I AM going to end this day of peace by a few words to show that what you said to me did not lightly pass away from my mind. There is a beautiful little sentence in the works of Charles Lamb concerning one who had been afflicted: 'He gave his heart to the purifier, and his will to the Sovereign Will of the Universe.'

But there is a speech in the third Canto of the *Paradise* of Dante, spoken by Piccarda, which is a rare gem: 'In la sua volontate é nostra pace.' (In His will is my peace.) The words are few and simple, and yet they appear to me to have an inexpressible majesty of truth about them, to be almost as if they were spoken from the very mouth of God. It so happened that I first read that speech on a morning early in the year 1836, which was one of trial. I was profoundly impressed and profoundly sustained, almost absorbed by these words. They cannot be too deeply graven upon the heart. In short, what we all want is that they should not come to us as an admonition from without, but as an instinct from within.

They should not be adopted by effort, but they should be simply the habitual tone to which all tempers, affections, emotions, are set. In the Christian mood, which ought never to be intermitted, the sense of this conviction should recur spontaneously, it should be the foundation of all mental acts, thoughts and the measure to which the whole experience of life, inward and outward, is referred. The final state which we are to contemplate with hope, and to seek by discipline, is that in which our will shall be *one* with the will of God; shall live and move with it, even as the pulse of the blood in the extremities acts with the central movement of the heart. And this is to be obtained through a double process; first that of repressing the inclination of the will to act with reference to self as a centre. The second to cherish, exercise and expand its new and heavenly power of acting according to the will of God, first perhaps by painful effort in great feebleness, but with continually augmenting regularity and force, until obedience become a necessity of second nature.

From "Mrs. Gladstone," by her daughter, Mary Drew. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920. Copyright, Mary Drew.

The Imprisoned Soul

Walt Whitman

At the last, tenderly
From the walls of the powerful fortified house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—
From the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—
 with a whisper
Set ope the doors, O soul!
Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O Love!)

Call Me Not Dead

Richard Watson Gilder

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say: He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light and immortal faces;
Today, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
Tomorrow, (who can say!) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill.

C We are here starting a department of answered prayers. Send in your own authentic experiences, briefly and interestingly told, if you think they will help others.

Why Should Mortals Wonder?

"If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night, and toss it over
A continent or sea;

If songs, like crimson roses,
Are culled from thin, blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?"

—*Ethel Romig Fuller.*

An Answer from Iowa

THE firm I had worked for, for over twenty years, suddenly decided to liquidate and discontinue business. I had a week's notice. However, before the week was past, instead of being out of a job, I had offers from three different firms, but turned them all down because my leading seemed to be for me to go into business for myself.

The only difficulty was to raise the thousand to fifteen hundred dollars in cash necessary to finance the business. The opinion of most people was that it was impossible to raise that much on the collateral I had. We gave it all over to God and left it in His hands. Then miracles began to happen, things that amazed those who had been so sure I could not raise the finances necessary. In fact *we* did not have to do anything ourselves. In marvelous ways and

with a rapidity that was almost breath-taking everything fitted together so that within a week more all the details of the entire business were worked out. It is now so much more than I expected it to be that I must soon hire some more help. The net results, also, have been much better than I was earning before.

The only times I have had any difficulties have been two or three times when I have tried to run things myself and forgotten that the Lord was the real head of the business. Then, as soon as I turned it all over to Him again, He at once straightened out all the seeming difficulty and all would be harmonious again.

I am more than ever convinced that prayer does not bring things into existence but it synchronizes the praying person with God's plan.

An Answer from St. Louis

OUR prayers have been answered and this morning my husband is at work again. He had been a city employee for 23 years, but was let out when the politics changed hands. After eight years and hard work our party was returned to office and he was promised a good job. At last minute, the director of the department slipped in a friend, and almost all other de-

sirable vacancies were filled. I was forced again to turn to God for help and guidance.

I reached the point I could sincerely pray for all who had a part in our betrayal and willing to submit my will to the will of God—to be destitute if necessary if He had some purpose in that. Then things began to happen, and the job materialized. I thank God with all my heart.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933

of Clear Horizons, published quarterly at St. Paul, Minn., for October 1, 1941.

State of Minnesota }
County of Ramsey }^{ss.}

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Glenn Clark, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Clear Horizons and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1698 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Editor, Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Managing Editor, Helen C. Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Business Manager, Helen C. Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 2. That the owners are: Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and Helen Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contains not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Glenn Clark, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941. (Seal) Fernan N. Budolfson, Notary Public. (My commission expires November 14, 1947.)

For the accommodation of our readers, arrangements have been made whereby the books from which articles have been quoted may be obtained through the Macalester Park Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota.

If we banish humour from our thought of worship, the Kingdom of God is not yet fully come. "They began to be merry," saith the Scripture, and they continue therein.

—*J. Rendel Harris.*

It takes little time to administer a rebuke, but it takes a long time to forget it.

—*Chinese Proverb.*

A SCOTSWOMAN'S FORMULA

An aged Scotswoman writing her thanks for Bundles for Britain gave this recipe for taking a bombing:

"When the air-raid warning sounds, I take the Bible from the shelf and read the Twenty-third Psalm. Then I put up a wee bit prayer. Then I take a wee drap o' whiskey to steady my nerves. Then I get in bed and pull up the covers. And then I tell Hitler to go to hell."

—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

The supreme challenge of all time faces the Christian forces. If a volume of prayer based upon authentic sainthood and profound spiritual insight, deeper than anybody knows anything about save a very small number, should rise to heaven, a spiritual revolution almost overnight might make an unbelieving world gasp in the presence of Divine Power unleashed.

—*Ralph B. Larkin.*

Iron sharpeneth iron, and man brighteneth the countenance of his friends.

Beauty may draw us by a single hair, but after marriage she is liable to grab a whole handful.

Turn that NO around and go ON.

Tact is remembering a woman's birthday and forgetting her age.

One of the best things to have up your sleeve is a funny bone.

A smile has more than its face value.

If you wish to be praised—die.

Hope—the sentiment in the wag of a dog's tail while he is waiting to be fed.

Washington never told a lie, but he entered politics when the country was very new.

If you lie down with dogs you will rise up with fleas.

Easy to Read

I wonder if you have ever received, along with the many wonderful things that could be said about Clear Horizons, any favorable comment on its convenient size and the length of the articles? I am a nurse. The June number was given to me, and I found it so fine and helpful that I passed it on to a friend who was spending long days and nights with her husband, who was a cancer patient in a local hospital. She read it in snatches by the small night light in her husband's room and could read the short articles without interruptions. Her husband liked to read things for himself, but books and most magazines were too heavy for him to hold for reading in bed, and the stories were too long for him to read without tiring him. Clear Horizons was so small, light and easy to hold, and in addition to the spiritual uplift which he received, he could read an article through without tiring, because they were so comparatively brief. Perhaps this is a fine point of the little publication of which you were not aware.

Perhaps it will sometime be a possibility to publish it bound in an annual edition—I am sure that there would be a demand, for it is all so worth preserving for future reference and for help to others, and separate copies are difficult to keep together.

—Wilma J. Williams,
Muscatine, Iowa.